

# The Critic

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# The Critic

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SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1893

## The Human Element in Criticism

ONE TAKES up the review of a new book nowadays, and especially in America, with the almost absolute certainty that it will be wholly lacking in the human element,—that it will be analytical, impersonal, reserved, and without the touch of emotion. The critic, so to speak, unbinds and unstitches his book, separates the leaves, weighs them individually and collectively, and arrives at an exact and conventionally correct, but more or less inadequate, estimate of the work before him. The great mass of book-reviewing at the present time is a highly-refined machine-criticism. It is cold, exact, and, one may say, as far as it goes, fair. But it does not go far enough to reach the standard of the best criticism.

The best criticism is not altogether conventional and not altogether analytical. It finds room for personality, and makes some departures from the established customs of probing and dissecting. It does not leave a book or an author, as the saying is, "struck all of a heap." If it becomes necessary to make fragmentary disposition of a writer, the better critic will at least restore him to his complete and organic uncomeliness, and, like the accomplished juggler, with a kindly sweep of the hand over shattered wheels and springs, will say:—"Here, sir, is your watch, just as you gave it me. It has not even lost a second."

When a critic admits synthesis, constructiveness and personality into his work, that work begins to display the true human element. It is evident that this element cannot be fully defined by the word kindness. That is one of the humanities of the best criticism, but it is not the only one. There must be also breadth, tolerance, sympathy, freedom and sincerity. The critic is a man dealing with a man. He is not, or should not be, a man dealing merely with a book. So far as a book stands for anything more than a stick or a stone, it does so by virtue of the personality with which it is suffused. If publishers would issue elaborate volumes of what printers call "pi," there would be a book for the critic to deal with simply as a thing. There would be no man behind it, no subtle personality pervading its whole texture. But wherever there is coherence there is thought, and wherever there is thought there is personality. So I say that a critic, who is a man, dealing with a writer, who is also a man, certainly ought not to neglect the human element in criticism. He should synthesize as well as analyze; he should bind as well as sever; he should be able to stand in another's place as well as in his own; he should be a helper as well as a censor; he should yield as well as crowd; he should be tender as well as keen, candid as well as brilliant. Howsoever inky his doublet, a warm heart should beat beneath it; and he should have a hand that no writer's cramp could deprive of its power to give or return a human grasp.

This is humanity in criticism; this is love in judgment. How many literary critics think of the man whom they are vivisectioning? They are less humane than experimentalists in biology, for they give their victims no anæsthetics. "Here is a book—what's in it?" The weights and the screws determine that, and Lord help the author, if there be much of him in his book!

I plead for the human element in criticism:—more elbow-room, if the critics will, to turn themselves about in; then they will not be so narrow and unceremonious. What of personality can you transfuse into a single paragraph? True; do not criticise by paragraphs. Call them rather, what they will verily be, "notices." I plead for a more generous recognition of what authors put into books, as well as what they leave out. Writers always—the least admirable of them—put a vast deal of personality into their work.

What critic pays adequate attention to this? Many a book throbs like a human heart; but the critic counts only the dropped beats in the systole and diastole of its rhetoric. I plead for more of the genial smile in criticism, less of the chilling sneer. There is sunshine in a smile, even when it wins you from a fault. But the sneer is like lightning in the night. Everything in its glare is hideous and hopeless.

Let me name a recent book which embodies to a rare degree the human element in criticism: Augustine Birrell's "Res Judicatæ." Here is a model writer upon writers—such kindness, such breadth, such tolerance, such sympathy, such freedom, such sincerity—all that makes a critic a man and a man a critic! When you have finished the book you long to take the author by the hand, and say:—"There, sir! you have talked as an honest, feeling man, who was not a critic, would talk if he had your brains." It is all there, in Birrell—the warm, quick, responsive heart of humanity, and the brain of the thinker. How real, how neighboring in time and space, he makes every writer whom he introduces to us; and how dear, too, before he leaves us together and goes on his way! Take this exquisite picture of Cowper:—

"Everybody interested in Cowper has of course to make out, as best he may, a picture of the poet for his own use. It is curious how sometimes little scraps of things serve to do this better than deliberate efforts. In 1800, the year of Cowper's death, a Dr. Johnson wrote a letter to John Newton, sending good wishes to the old gentleman, and to his niece, Miss Catlett: and added: 'Poor dear Mr. Cowper, oh that he were as tolerable as he was, even in those days when, dining at his house in Buckinghamshire with you and that lady, I could not help smiling to see his pleasant face when he said, "Miss Catlett, shall I give you a piece of cutlet?"' It was a very small joke indeed, and it is a very humble little quotation, but for me it has long served, in the mind's eye, for a vignette of the poet, doomed yet *debonnaire*. Romney's picture, with that frightful nightcap and eyes gleaming with madness, is a pestilent thing one would forget if one could. Cowper's pleasant face when he said, 'Miss Catlett, shall I give you a piece of cutlet?' is a much more agreeable picture to find a small corner for in one's memory."

How does that compare with the conventional lay-picture of Cowper? It is a description which, to everyone who reads it, will recur as often as the name of that lovable, afflicted poet is mentioned; for there is that touch of love and sympathy in it which makes it an imperishable tribute. Would that there were more of this genial, human element in contemporary criticism. Would that those flowers of kindness and sympathy, which we shall sometime lay upon their graves, were springing now for living writers. Will this making of criticism always go on like clockwork, like the motions of automata? or may we hope to find, here and there at least, and now and then, some product of a living hand?

JAMES BUCKHAM.

## Literature

### The Sixfold Book and the Fourfold Narrative

*The Higher Criticism of the Hexateuch.* By Charles A. Briggs.  
\$1.75. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

WITH THIS BOOK of modest size, including less than three hundred pages, the higher criticism takes off her capitals, and steps down among the common people. Ungirding herself of all mystery and esoteric marvels, the science comes out in public to shake hands with all who have brains, patience and a desire to get at the facts. Instead of lying at the well, nearly filled with uncertain traditions and belated and unsound authorities, the facts, at least, if not the truth, are visible from the well curb; and if the truth still lies at the bottom of the well, the old wells dug out contain a medium of such transparency that discovery is not difficult.

Dr. Briggs has done a work which calls to mind that which Isaac, as true successor of Abraham, achieved when he made the old reservoirs of living water once more worthy of the Patriarch's name. The principles of the higher criticism, which, for centuries, men have used to vast advantage in other literatures, are here set forth in compact and popular form; and the honest reader of the Bible who believes it is true may well wonder why we should apply these principles to the books of other Oriental religions—Buddhism, Islamism, Confucianism, etc.—but, for some inscrutable reason, most one-sidedly refuse to apply them to the religion of Israel.

Ten years ago Dr. Briggs began a little book on the higher criticism of the first six books of the Old Testament as we have it arranged now, but on reflection he turned aside from it, because the time was not yet ripe. Now, if ever, the time has come, and after twenty-seven years of original work upon the subject, begun under Hengstenberg in the University of Berlin, in 1886, he has, after constant revision and rectification of his opinions, attained the results stated in this volume. It is needless to say that these correspond in the main with the opinions which have been formed independently by the leading Biblical scholars in all parts of the world. He believes what so many active pastors believe, and what the recent vote of the New York Presbytery demonstrated—*viz.*, that the questions of the higher criticism can no longer be confined to theological schools and professional circles. He believes that the statements of knowledge and of faith must be adjusted to each other. With more condensation and directness than is usual in his writings, and with less quotation of other authorities, though with abundant foot-notes referring to the teeming literature of the theme, he discusses the problem, the testimony of Holy Scripture and the traditional theories, and then sketches rapidly and brilliantly the rise of criticism and the various hypotheses—documentary, supplementary and developmental—of the formation of the Hexateuch as we have it now. Chapter X. takes up the development of the codes which are embedded in the Sixfold Book. He then cites the witness of history, closing with a review of more recent discussion, and crowning the argument by the strong light brought to bear from Biblical theology. The result of the argument is that in the Hexateuch is a matchless compilation of various forms of Hebrew literature. There are many poems buried like crystals in these ancient narratives. If gathered together, these would form a collection nearly as large as the Psalter, and, indeed, we trust some scholar will collect and publish them in a separate work. Higher criticism also finds several law codes differing in method and codification of style, as well as in bulk and contents. There is a fourfold narrative of the origin of the old covenant of religion, even as there is a fourfold gospel; but, whereas the four narratives of the Pentateuch have been compacted by a series of inspired redactors, the gospels must be harmonized by uninspired teachers in the Church. This unity in variety strengthens the credibility of the Pentateuch. As Jesus is the mediator of the new covenant, so Moses is the mediator of the old covenant. There is a decalogue of worship, a people's code, a code of holiness and a priest's code contained in these narratives, and we must harmonize the codes of the Pentateuch for a complete and symmetrical exposition of the law of Moses. Law and prophecy are not two distinct modes of revelation, but the same, and the history of God's people under both covenants has been essentially the same—a grand march forward under the supernatural light of a divine revelation.

Whatever may be the reception of this volume of Dr. Briggs's by his own denominationalists, it is quite sure, to our mind, after reading it, that it will equip the student against the fallacies and personal unbelief of Kuenen and Wellhausen, as well as against such small fry as talk about "the mistakes of Moses." In the apprehension of the divine harmony of the Hexateuchal narratives, one is able to defend them against those who have endeavored to undermine their credibility. In the appendix are given various chapters

which furnish a critical apparatus for the student's own personal investigations, and there are full indices of names, and topics, texts, and Hebrew words and phrases.

#### "The Crusaders"

By Henry Arthur Jones. 75 cts. Macmillan & Co.

NOW THAT Mr. Henry A. Jones's "The Crusaders," which he calls an "original comedy of modern London life," has been published in book-form, it is easy to understand why it failed to win more than a very moderate measure of success in the British metropolis, although it had all the advantages of an admirable cast and liberal and tasteful stage management. The fact is that it is scarcely entitled to be classed as comedy at all, the principal characters being nothing more nor less than burlesques of the types supposed to be represented, while the incidents with which they are connected are outside the widest limits of credibility. This tendency to exaggeration and lack of sense of proportion between cause and effect were the most obvious faults in several of his earlier dramatic works, and seem to be equally conspicuous in his latest play. "The Bauble Shop," which, in treating of the House of Commons, exhibits the utmost indifference to the commonest rules of parliamentary procedure and practice. "The Crusaders" is intended to be a satire upon the follies of social reformers of the amateur kind, and is aimed in the right direction, although of much too light calibre to be a very effective weapon. Its gross improbability is, of course, a fatal bar to its consideration as a work of permanent or serious value, but there is no doubt that it furnishes some amusing reading, some clever if rather conventional sketches of character, one or two fairly good theatrical situations and many shrewd and epigrammatic hits at some of the humbugs and absurdities of the day. If the dramatic and constructive were equal to the literary qualities of the piece, Mr. Jones would be deserving of hearty congratulations.

As it is, even Mr. William Archer, who has written an introductory preface to the play, contents himself with explaining what Mr. Jones apparently intended to do rather than what he has done. It is, of course, impossible to deduce a moral from a wholly illogical sequence of events, or to discuss seriously a proposition full of glaring contradictions and inconsistencies. As Mr. Archer points out, the idea of an amateur reformation league with a million and a half of pounds at its back is wholly inconceivable; but even this idea is not so preposterous as the notion that a British minister of the Crown (seemingly upon his individual responsibility) should "guarantee" (whatever that means) a ship-load of outcasts sent out to Costa Rica, and so bring about a revolution for which the British nation has to pay an additional two-pence on the pound of income tax. The ignorance of international relations and of the ordinary everyday conduct of business implied in all this is simply extraordinary. The characters themselves are more true to life, but those which are the most original are not the most convincing. The good-natured, shrewd and cynical Foreign Secretary is neatly drawn; but the pretence that such a man would consent, upon the mere unsupported threat of an insignificant scandal-monger, to give up his racing stud and throw away the contents of his wine-cellar can only be described as nonsensical. His son, the fashionable young scapegrace who becomes a reformer in order that he may prosecute an illicit love-affair, is natural enough, and so is Mrs. Campion Blake, the woman who uses charity as a means to social advancement. As to Philos Ingarfield, the ideal enthusiast, the question arises whether a man of such singleness of philanthropic purpose, one so devoted to a high ideal, would be likely to entertain a romantic passion or to become so hopeless a slave to it; but there is a touch of true nobility in him, although at the last it is uncertain whether he is to follow the path of love or duty. In either case the heroine, a weak and vacillating creature, is unworthy of him. Jawle, the pessimist philosopher, who is perpetually raising false hopes in the minds of his acquaintances, by threatening suicide, is a grotesque exaggeration, but there is truth and a certain humor in his parasite



Figg, and there are undoubtedly such creatures as the meddling bigot Palsam, whose chief happiness it is to ascribe evil motives to their fellow-creatures. All these personages are delineated with a certain vigor and smartness which prevent them from being dull; but when they are considered in a group, they convey no impression of reality. "The Crusaders" cannot be considered as an advance upon "The Dancing Girl," "Judah" or "The Middleman," but is entitled to the respect due to a play with a purpose, even when that purpose is not fulfilled.

#### Mr. Eugene Field's New Verse

*Second Book of Verse.* \$1.25. *With Trumpet and Drum.* \$1. *Chas. Scribner's Sons.*

VERSE AND VERSATILITY are good literary capital for one who, having both, knows how to use them to advantage. It is within the limited realm of veracity to say of some volumes of verse that there is more money than poetry in them. A summary statement like this, smacking a little of jestful sagacity, may mean either of two things: the author may have put more money than poetry into his book; or the money he gets out of it may amount to more than the poetry his readers get. So far as the literary product is concerned, both meanings reflect unpleasantly upon its value. Mr. Eugene Field is a very popular writer of a somewhat peculiar style of prose and of many and various varieties of verse. The present age demands variety in everything that contributes to its entertainment, and it allows the performers great freedom of choice in what they do; but what is done must be done well. Mr. Field's gifts are a knowledge of the business of amusing people, an appreciation of what is pathetic or comic in the lives and manners of mankind about him, and a happy faculty of being able to adapt the more striking of his experiences, real or imaginary, to the requirements of his compositions in verse. Besides these, he has an accurate ear for rhymes, a fair notion of the mechanism of different verse-forms, and a facility in writing which enables him to keep pace with the fleetest Pegasus that may be entered in the race-track of poetry from time to time. To cap it all, he is an agreeable elocutionist. His recitation of his own verse is something to remember even though one forget the verse. One is glad to forgive all the makers of Jim-poetry for the sake of hearing Mr. Field tell about "Me and Jim," and one gets an opinion of him and his verse that glitters. "Dibdin's Ghost," as animated by the author, is a pleasant companion, and some of the misspelled verses which pass as dialect are not evil enough to be everlastingly restrained from earthly bliss. Of lullabies Mr. Field has about exhausted the stock. Many of them are tender and musical, and would, we are sure, induce slumber. But it is in the unfenced domain of comic and curious rhyme that the genial and versatile versifier moves about most gracefully, and holds his audience in a vise of risible rapture. We do not mean to jest with the Jester, nor to grow thin in practising our feeble fancy in flights of humor. We are fond—very fond—of many of Mr. Field's ingenious and oftentimes genuine verses. His first collection of "A Little Book of Western Verse" proved him to be a writer who can touch the hearts of his readers, and his work now as then is stamped with individuality.

This "Second Book of Verse" is inferior in quality to its elder brother, but it is almost certain to be as widely read and as generally admired. The most conspicuous faults in Mr. Field's verse seem to be the overdoing of a few of the commonplace metres, the occasional errors of taste in some of his humorous and harmless allusions, and the artificially pathetic verse written of children. The last-mentioned is noticeable more especially in the charming little volume entitled "With Trumpet and Drum." It is as a writer for children that we like Mr. Field quite as well as when he is making us weep with laughter; yet we are sure that there are many things in "With Trumpet and Drum" that are either inappropriate for little folk or cannot be comprehended by them.

Gladly one commends these new volumes. In them are some things almost doggerel, others almost poetry. Verse is what Mr. Field modestly and rightly calls his work; and there be many poets who might rejoice to do something as good.

#### The Mother of the Salvation Army

*The Life of Catherine Booth.* By F. de L. Booth-Tucker. \$3 50. Fleming H. Revell Co.

THE SAINTS ARE not all dead yet, but the monopoly of canonization belongs no more to the Roman branch of the Holy Catholic Church. The vast organization, led by Gen. Booth, which sends out its missionaries into the great cities of Christendom and throughout the world, is furnishing true martyrs for the faith. Out of the soil of profound experience are growing characters as beautiful, as pure, as saintly as any in the Calendar already known to Christianity. Among the first of those who will be known in the ages, as well as in this age, is Catherine Booth, whose story is now before us.

Mrs. Booth is well called "the Mother of the Salvation Army." While William Booth is in the true sense its father, yet both its inward history and its outward development were shaped by the remarkable woman who was born at Ashbourne in Derbyshire, on Jan. 17, 1829. The biographer has, in the opening chapter, entitled "Shadow-Land," told of Mrs. Booth's mother, Miss Millward, who, as a member of the Church of England, came to that time of life which was long ago typified for all true souls seeking reality, in the wrestling of Jacob. As the man of bargains and routine came to the ford of Jabbok, and there changed his religion from one of shells, husks, labels and statistics, into one fed by the vision of God, so Miss Millward became a wrestler with the Angel. A member of the State Church of England, she grew dissatisfied with her routine of religion, as represented by Prayer-Book, parson, cathedral and formal services. In pondering the phrase "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," she found Peniel. She left the State Church and became a Methodist, and, in spite of her father's and aunt's opposition, a Christian, according to the light which she obtained. To her Methodism was a new path of life. She married a very popular special preacher who came to conduct the services of the Revivalists. Despite the fact that John Mumford was ordered out of the house, the door slammed behind him and locked, and the daughter called to choose between her lover and her home, she had courage for the occasion. Going forth penniless she was married to the Revivalist preacher, and the mother of the Salvation Army was one of the fruits of the union.

The young girl grew up in old Boston, read the Bible, studied Butler's "Analogy" and "The Pilgrim's Progress," moved to London, was "converted," and joined the Wesleyan Church. Marrying William Booth she became active in the Methodist "New Connection," and in 1854 began her first evangelistic tour. Thenceforth, in the octavo volume, is a narration of her labors in the cause of holiness and salvation, well-spiced with anecdote, and picturing in lively colors the career of this woman, whose labors seem to have no end. Her idea and that of her husband seemed to be to simplify theology, to recover Christianity from being the monopoly of professional clergymen and the office-holders in a political church, and to make Christ's message real to the millions of individuals who compose that abstraction called "the masses." Gradually the "gospelers" were more or less drilled according to regulations which were the fruit of experience. The Salvation Army became military without intention. It was of necessity. The soldiers of the cross drifted unintentionally into it. It was the result of careful experiments. It was soon found, in England at least, that the republican system was unsuitable for the aggressive work of the mission. The annual council of workers became a war council. The Hallelujah Army passed out of sight, and the Salvation Army took its place. The first use of the name was by Capt. Dowdle at Plymouth. Military titles were adopted along with the red flag and the motto "Blood

and Fire." The "Hallelujah bonnet" became as well-known as the British red-coat. The second volume treats of the movements at home and abroad of the great organization and the unceasing labors of Mrs. Booth together with the troubles and riots. The imitators, the judicial trials, the literature, and the various lines of strategy and tactics adopted by the Army and its opposers are set forth with considerable literary skill, though it must be admitted at somewhat tedious length. In particular the last months and weeks of sickness are described with too much detail.

The two volumes are handsomely printed. There are abundant and well-executed illustrations of various members of the Booth family and other leaders of the Salvation Army, and there is a good index. The work is one of singular fascination. There are few dull pages, and those who want to get a vivid picture of the religious life of our time cannot afford to pass by this picture of a true saint of God. In our copy, by some mistake, the table-of-contents has been put wrongly between pages 16 and 17; but no doubt other copies are as good specimens of book-making as is this work in general.

#### "Socialism and the American Spirit"

By Nicholas Paine Gilman. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE AUTHOR of this book published some years ago a useful work on profit-sharing, a subject in which he takes great interest; but in the volume before us he has entered on a broader inquiry. He has undertaken to consider, not the whole problem of socialism in its theoretical and practical aspects, but the question of its adaptability to the spirit and the habits of American life. He begins with a general discussion of socialism and individualism, which he regards as two opposite tendencies rather than as complete systems of government and social life. He then proceeds to set forth the leading traits of the American character, which he believes to be to a considerable extent a new national type; and finds that the American people are characterized by a love of personal liberty, by political conservatism and industrial enterprise, by love of competition and by public spirit and optimism. That this portrait, though not complete, is in the main correct will be admitted by everyone, and the traits of character that appear in it are obviously incompatible with socialism. Mr. Gilman also points out that our federal system is a barrier to anything like "nationalism," since the adoption of that system would require the abolition of the separate States. At the same time he shows that the extreme type of individualism as advocated by Spencer and his disciples is equally at variance with the American spirit and the uniform practice of American States, and in particular he treats the Spencerian opposition to public schools with the contempt it deserves. In short, Mr. Gilman holds, like most sensible Americans, that our political system is fundamentally right, and only needs improvement in details.

When he comes to deal with industrial questions, however, he advocates more extensive changes, though not at all of a socialistic character. He rightly says that coöperation is the industrial ideal, but he sees, as most people now do, that it cannot be introduced very speedily; and so for the present he would rely on arbitration and profit-sharing as the best remedies for industrial disputes. He has a chapter on Christian socialism, for which he has no great respect, and he shows what confusion has been wrought by introducing ethical controversies into the study of economic laws. At the same time he emphasizes the truth that the most needed improvements in human life to-day are moral rather than economical, and that, until such moral improvement is effected, no scheme of social reform will have much success. Mr. Gilman's work is marked throughout by candor and judicial temper and by more respectful attention to the claims of socialism than they seem to us to deserve. The time has gone by when socialism could have much influence with thinking men; yet it is well to have a clear proof of the incompatibility of that system with the American spirit, and such proof Mr. Gilman has here given us.

#### "The Japanese Bride"

By Naomi Tamura. 50 cts. Harper & Bros.

THIS REMARKABLE BOOK in Harper's attractive little Black and White Series is from the pen of a young Japanese gentleman who spent four years or more in the United States. He was an unusually genial and sociable little fellow, and was a great favorite with the ladies. He richly enjoyed American social life, and he declares that America, that is, the United States, is the paradise of women. He was educated at Auburn Theological Seminary, was ordained as a Christian minister, and is, we believe, pastor of a Christian church in Japan. He is a lineal descendant of that famous Japanese Shogun or general who, a millennium or more ago, conquered Northern Japan for the Mikado, and piled up the Aino skulls in barrows or mounds which still exist. When one reads the name Naomi prefixed to his family cognomen, he must not think of Ruth's mother-in-law. The word is a pure Japanese term, meaning "righteous man," and was held by the man long before he saw or heard of an American. He is a husband and a father, and therefore knows pretty much what he is talking about when he speaks of courtship, marriage, fatherhood, motherhood, and the characteristics of babies. He writes in excellent English, and uses also an American freshness of phrase, which the purist might in some instances call slang; yet there is nothing vulgar about the book, only the author is in dead earnest. It is not a novel which he writes, but in eight prettily descriptive chapters, he treats of his subject, Japanese social life, and of womanhood in Japan. He supplements finely both Sir Edwin Arnold and Miss Alice Bacon.

It is almost a commonplace that the white brain cannot understand the yellow brain; the Occidental may be amused with the Oriental, and even think that he understands what goes on inside his cranium. Whether this is true or not, we cannot say. For ourselves, after twenty-six years' pretty steady acquaintance with the Mikado's subjects, we enjoy facts and truth about them more than anything else, because these in themselves have interest, even romance. This little book gives the facts, yet it is certain that it gives them with unsparring truth, and in a manner that suggests polemics. For Mr. Tamura frankly states that he prefers our American social life, and that the impressions of tourist-writers like Arnold, Loti, etc., are the very reverse of either fact or truth. When writers say that Japan is the paradise of babies, and that these wonderful little creatures do not cry or quarrel, he shows how funnily far from the truth their statements are. He frankly states that a Japanese child is just as naughty as an American child, and that he is well-informed on the subject of babies' crying.

The little booklet really is a comparative study of Japanese and American social life, with the gold medal given to the latter. He asks, why do we marry? He shows that in Japan love only occasionally has anything to do with the question. The main point with the Japanese is ancestry and purity of family line. The father is the absolute monarch of the family; he is the law-giver and judge and king. A father's throne is the most inviting position a man can have in Japan. "Our young men," he says, "are as ambitious to be fathers as yours are to be presidents." Such things as bachelors and old maids are practically unknown in the Empire. He devotes a chapter to courting, and shows what a thin, pale and colorless thing this simulacrum of propriety in Japan is, when compared with the warm and live reality that it is in America. He describes the go-between or the business agent who settles the transaction which is called marriage. Preparations for the wedding are described, and the ceremony set forth in truth and fact. In this chapter he gives an amusing experience of how he went in America to a so-called Japanese wedding, where a man with a pigtail, and dressed like a Chinaman, kissed the would-be bride; there being no such thing as pigtails, Chinese shoes or kissing in Japan. The honeymoon is described very much on the principle that one might write a volume on the snakes of Ireland. He tells about the bride and bridegroom at home,



and about those dreadful people-in-law whom the poor Japanese bride has to meet in the average Japanese husband's home, whither she always goes to be married as well as to live. One of the most beautiful traits in the Japanese character is the respect and reverence for old age. Mothers look forward with great anticipation to that time when they shall be treated as the lady who has retired from active life. He closes this book of unique value by saying:—"Japanese homes are very defective when we take the standard of loving American homes, yet you can see some divine virtue in our kindly treatment of old age."

#### Green's "Short History" Illustrated

*A Short History of the English People.* By J. R. Green. Edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss K. Norgate. Vol. I. 5s. Harper & Bros.

BIOGRAPHY is the most universally pleasant, the most universally profitable of all styles of composition, said Carlyle, who himself illustrated the theory with a series of biographies unrivalled for brilliancy and picturesqueness. And if the theory is true of a single individual such as Frederick the Great or Cromwell, how much more vividly so must it be of a whole people treated biographically through 1500 years, in every phase of its abundant development, through every main incident, tragic or instructive, of its ever-widening career, through all its changes of faith and politics, of government and constitution, of social and citizen life! No nation is so susceptible of this sort of biographical treatment as the English, owing to the unity of the race, the almost uninterrupted flow of the life from 449 to 1893, the isolation of the island from outside interference, and the strong progressive and yet conservative instincts of the mingled web of peoples constituting the race. And no book is better adapted to illustrate the life of its nation with pictures, drawings, charts and antiquities, than that most picture-like of histories, Green's "Short History of the English People." When it appeared in 1874, in the thirty-sixth year of its author's age, it took instant hold of the popular mind and held it fascinated through 800 pages. It was itself a sheaf of pictures, graphic if ever a history was, full of the life and lore of the inextinguishable people (so neglected by previous historians), breathing of cities and towns and hedgerows and the multitudinous movement of trade and commerce, and making itself vivid in every line with traits and characteristics taken directly from the landscape, literature, customs and eloquence of popular England. Green (blessed are the men of plain names: Stubbs, Freeman, Hume, the great historians of England!) introduced a style of historical composition found before him only in the keen personal biography with its rich detail and personal feeling, its love of proportion and perspective, its concentrated delineation of a single heroic or interesting figure. To him the English People—not the English Kings or English Parliaments—was the true hero, and from his earliest birth and bringing up in the venerable city of Oxford he would run out into the lanes, study the old churches, rub up the monumental brasses in them, linger affectionately over the quaint historic street-names and mediæval customs of the burgh, and strive to reproduce for himself a picture of the town-life of centuries ago. A chance hearing of one of Dean Stanley's lectures (then Canon of Christ Church, Oxford) kindled the lamp of Clio forever in his musing brain, and though battling continually with ill-health, he began and continued those vivifying researches by which he breathed life into the dust of mementos and archives, made living personalities of mere names, clothed Saxon and Norman England with the brilliant hues of reality, and made Pope and Plantagenet, Tudor and Northumbrian, Stuart and Angevin delightful to consort with in the picturesque resurrection of their attire and speech, their deed and thought.

Not content with this marvellous rehabilitation of figures lost in the gloaming of remote English history, Green cherished the eager desire to illustrate the varied panorama of work and word which he had so eloquently revived in his pages by a series of pictures drawn from contemporary docu-

ments, from museums, collections and scenery. This hope he did not live to achieve. But he left behind him an admirable representative—his widow, only less full than himself of enthusiasm for English history, the daughter (we believe) of the accomplished Stopford Brooke the praise of whose "History of Early English Literature" will soon be in all mouths. Mrs. Green has piously taken up her husband's wish, and the result is the splendid volume before us crowded with invaluable prints and reprints of precious things illustrating English life and conditions up to the time of John Wyclif.

The book (Vol. I.) is a triumph of illustration in its way, a kind of interleaved and expanded edition of the "Short History" made into three or four stately octavos enriched with many gorgeous bits (in colors) from missals, gospels, scarce books, MSS., and every available source. The index to these illustrations alone covers about 26 pages, and their sources are carefully indicated, whether found in the Bodleian, the British Museum, the college libraries, private collections, or published books. Thus nearly every reference in the text is clinched by some valuable pictorial representation; industrial and fine art down to the fourteenth century is richly reproduced; household and domestic articles and utensils, armor, shipbuilding, old English houses and costume, glass and silver, crosses and jewelry; cells, bells and oratories; churches, coins and architecture; beautiful specimens of illumination from the Book of Kell and the Bibles of Alcuin and Boniface; seals, bridges, towers, organs, effigies, monks in frocks and friars in petticoats; in short everything that one can think of is there, from authentic sources, carefully engraved and printed on excellent paper, and making this edition of a favorite work more than ever indispensable to the reader and teacher.

We often hear the word "monumental" applied to works of research and erudition, but it is not often that one can apply it so sincerely as to the combined result of Mrs. Green's and Miss Norgate's researches, aided by Messrs. Scharf, Madan, Cooper, and others in their investigations into the pictorial resources of early England. The succeeding volumes as they approach the Reformation will be even more abundant in portraits and *pretiosa* such as the facsimiles of Domesday and Magna Charta in the present volume. It was a favorite thought of Green's that "a walk through Normandy teaches one more of the age of our history which we are about to traverse than all the books in the world"; and he always acted on the principle by familiarizing himself intimately with all the local detail, the antiquarian tidbits, the landscape coloring that could make his pictures pregnant, glowing and harmonious. The realization of the idea is completely carried out in these most instructive volumes.

#### "A Blot of Ink"

By René Bazin. Translated by "Q" and Paul M. Francke. 50 cts. Cassell Pub'g Co.

THAT ENGLISH AUTHOR may bless his stars whose work is translated into a foreign language as "Q" and Paul M. Francke have translated from the French M. René Bazin's "A Blot of Ink." They offend us with no unaccustomed idioms, copied, as some would say, at the foot of the letter, but charm us with a dexterous imitation of the French tact and elegance of their original. "A Blot of Ink" is a love-story which is quite free from any suggestion of impropriety, but also from the deadly coldness of most proper French novels. The leading incident reminds us of Paul Louis Courier's famous ink-stain. The hero, M. Fabien Jean Jacques Mouillard, like Courier, had the misfortune to blot an early text, a text which M. Charnot of the Institute, whose assistance in his studies the young man had been advised to obtain, was at the moment examining. But, unlike Courier's, the hero's apology will not serve as a model for future students who may spill or spatter their ink over unique documents. It, however, brought him acquainted with M. Charnot, and, what is more to the purpose of the story, with his daughter. There follow many chapters of French love-

making in which all the *convenances* are almost painfully observed, and in which we feel that neither the lovers nor the novelist could take a step forward without the aid of Good Fortune. The goddess is ably seconded by a dress-maker and a painter, the first of whom happily succeeds in breaking up an engagement into which Mlle. Jeanne had suffered herself to be drawn to please her papa; and the second furnishes an opportunity to M. Mouillard to oblige said papa by getting him permission to examine a notable collection of old medals. After Jeanne and her father, the hero's uncle has to be won, and this turns out to be the hardest job of all; but, though Fortune deserts him, and her two auxiliaries are powerless in this case, Jeanne takes the matter in hand, and finally triumphs. The reader is obliged to pass much of his time in law-offices, libraries and picture-galleries. Paintings by old and modern masters, and medals of Annia Faustina, and the like, fall thick as snow-flakes when a moist south-easter meets a cold north-wester on a March morning. And when he is indulged with a breath of fresh air, it is to go fishing in the Bièvre with M. Jupille, lawyers' clerk and inventor of an automatic warning float by which the fish, themselves, announce when they have taken the hook, or to dine up a tree at the "Only Genuine Robinson's." But, if he is tired of the American society-novel of to-day with its goings-on, and of the resuscitated English novel of half a century ago, he will find in the present simple story a welcome relief from all sorts of sensationalism.

### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*Andrew Astray Again.*—Mr. Andrew Lang, in the pleasant comments that accompany Mr. Abbey's admirable illustrations of "Love's Labor's Lost" in *Harper's Magazine* for May, remarks:—

"Perhaps Holofernes's best thing is his tribute to Virgil. 'I salute thee, Mantovano,' as the Laureate says, Holofernes might say:—Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not!"

The merry Andrew understandeth him not, for the "Mantuan" is not Virgil, but Giovanni Battista Spagnuoli (or Spagnoli), named "Mantuanus" from his birthplace. He was the author of certain "Eclogues," which the pedants of the poet's day preferred to Virgil's, and which were much read in schools. The 1st Eclogue begins with the passage quoted by Holofernes:—"Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra, Ruminat." This Mantuan died in 1516, and an English translation of his Latin poems by George Turberville was printed in 1567. Andrew's mistake has doubtless been made thousands of times by readers of the play, but I have never seen it in print before.

Further on in this commentary, apropos of the rhymes the lover lords address to the ladies, we are told that girls do not care for such tributes in verse, and that they are "wiser than we" in not writing them:—

"I never heard of one who wrote sonnets to her lover's eyebrow, and showed him the sonnets. Indeed it is to be supposed that ladies do not berhyme men at all. Conceive a song to 'The Miller's Son,' to 'The Gardener's Boy'! It sounds quite improper and impossible."

But has Andrew never heard of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which Mr. Stedman, in his "Victorian Poets," after a delightful disquisition on the influence of love upon a woman's genius, and "the relations of art and marriage," says that he is "disposed to consider, if not the finest, a portion of the finest subjective poetry in our literature"? Our minor female poets might furnish not a few examples of the kind, but I will not take space to cite them.

Referring to the curious retention of the early form of certain passages in iv. 3, which also appear as "corrected and augmented" by the poet, our critic says:—"It is unlikely that Shakespeare read the proofs of the quarto; his indifference to the honors of print was sublime." We have no reason to suppose that Shakespeare had anything to do with the publication of this quarto or any of the quarto editions of the plays. That he was not indifferent to the honors of print is shown by the fact that the early editions of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece"—the only works he probably brought out himself—are printed with remarkable accuracy. Certain variations in copies of the first (1594) edition of "Lucrece" indicate that it was corrected by the author while passing through the press.

*Shakespeare and Bacon on Architecture.*—Mr. Henry Van Brunt, in an interesting paper on "Architecture Among the Poets," in *The Atlantic* for March, remarks:—

"Even Shakespeare, with his world-wide range of sympathy and his immortal intuitions, apparently is unaware of the real relations of this art to mankind. His almost divine imagination seems, in this one respect, to have no loftier vision than that common to the time of Elizabeth. Bacon has a very intelligent interest in architecture, and writes of it with far more sympathy than any of his contemporaries; but Shakespeare makes no use of the frequent opportunities of his dramas to refer to it, save once, very indirectly, in '2 Henry IV.' [i. 3. 41-48: 'When we mean to build,' etc.]. Even this, however, is a recognition of practical processes of building, and not of architecture as an art. This absence of adequate allusion may serve as another proof, if another were needed, that the two great Elizabethan names do not stand for one personality."

This is really a good point against the Baconian heretics, and one that I believe has not been used in the controversy; but, as Mr. Van Brunt intimates, it is not needed.

*A Poetical Appeal to "Mr. W. H."*—The *Trinity Tablet*, a magazine published by the students of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., in its issue for March 18th, prints the following apostrophe to "Mr. W. H.," to whom "T. T.," or Thomas Thorpe, the publisher, dedicated the 1609 edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets:—

"What was the name behind those capitals?  
Speak, shade of 'W. H.' Did Thomas Thorpe,  
That sly and subtle printer, make thee up  
To puzzle future ages? Answer me;  
If you 'begot' the Sonnets Shakespeare wrote,  
Did you 'inspire' or merely 'gather' them?  
And while you are about it, tell me please,  
Who was the 'other poet,' and who, O who,  
The lady was? I 'pause for a reply.'"

"And while I pause, I hear a mocking laugh,  
A dry and crackling chuckle, 'he-he-he!—  
It is the tinkling sneer of Thomas Thorpe  
From out the Malebolge where jesters dwell  
Who set conundrums which the world can't guess,  
Then die and leave no key. Laugh on, 'T. T.'  
Some day I'll visit thee, and grip thy throat,  
And squeeze thy withered weazand; then ease up  
Until you gasp the truth about those manuscripts."

*An Elegant Edition of "Romeo and Juliet."*—Messrs. Duprat & Co. of 349 Fifth Avenue have brought out an edition of "Romeo and Juliet" in the same sumptuous style as the "Antony and Cleopatra" of a year ago. It is printed by Jouaust of Paris (whose death I regret to see just now reported, for he was a most genial and accomplished man as well as one of the best of printers), and is limited to 350 numbered copies; 50 on Japan paper with extra set of the full-page illustrations (\$30), and 300 on Holland paper (\$15). These illustrations comprise twenty-one etchings by Louis Muller after designs by Jacques Wagrez, and five studies of old Verona architecture by Louis Titz, reproduced in color by Dujardin. Mr. R. H. Stoddard contributes an introduction, mainly treating of the sources of the play; and notes and a glossary by Mr. John Thomson are appended to the text, which is carefully edited and printed. M. Wagrez, who has made his mark by his recent illustrations of the "Decameron," visited Verona in 1891 to make studies for his work on this volume, which must be reckoned one of the most elegant editions of a Shakespeare play ever published.

The few copies of the "Antony and Cleopatra" (which was limited to 150 copies at double the price of the "Romeo and Juliet") which are still unsold are offered to purchasers of the new volume at the same price as the latter.

*Mr. Frederic Harrison on Shakespeare.*—Prof. Archibald Mac-Mechan of Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S., sends me the following note:—

"There is a very curious and unaccountable blunder in Mr. Frederic Harrison's essay 'The Choice of Books' (Macmillan's, New York, 1893). On page 106, he says of Shakespeare:—'No poet known to us was so careless of his genius, so little jealous of his work, and none has left his creations in a form so unauthentic and confused, for no one of his plays was published with his name in his lifetime.'"

"This is reprinted without correction from the edition of 1886, page 60. ('The Choice of Books and Other Literary Pieces.') The veriest beginner knows better than this. In 1600 alone five quarto editions of plays were published, all bearing Shakespeare's name. One tries in charity to twist the statement into some sort of agreement with fact. But it is too clear and explicit: it resists all such efforts."



"What then is the explanation? Can it be that Mr. Harrison, who is able to instruct us all what to read, is ignorant of the most elementary facts regarding one of the authors he lauds most highly? The supposition is absurd. It must be set down to sheer carelessness, of which there are other traces in this very essay. The strangest thing about it all is that the error was not discovered long ago. It was; but if so, why is it repeated?"

I am inclined to think that Mr. Harrison had in mind the fact that no play of Shakespeare's, so far as we know, was published in his lifetime with his *authority*. His *name* appears on the title-page of many quarto editions of his plays (and sundry plays that are *not* his) before he died in 1616; but we have good evidence, internal or external, that the majority of them were "piratical" issues, and no evidence that any of them were published with his sanction. The "Venus and Adonis" and the "Lucrece" are the only works the publication of which he appears to have authorized and superintended. As the reader is aware, these contain dedications signed by him, and the first editions of both were printed with remarkable accuracy for that day, and doubtless from the author's manuscript.

### The Lounger

THE REV. A. T. ASHTON writes to me as follows from St. James's Rectory, Hyde-Park-on-Hudson, N. Y.:—"The portrait of Irving, reproduced in *The Critic* of April 8, is 'after a sketch from life by F. O. C. Darley, at Sunnyside, July, 1848.' I quote the above from 'Irvingiana: a Memorial of Washington Irving,' C. Richardson, New York, 1860. The book—a very rare one, by the way—contains a fine etching of the same sketch by J. D. Smillie."

IN *The Critic* of April 22 (p. 264) are quoted from the *Tribune* some comments on the objections made by Brooklyn teachers to a "note" of Scott's appended to "The Lady of the Lake." Two passages in the poem itself were also thought to be unfit for boys and girls in the schools to read: the one to which the "note" refers—namely, the story of Brian's birth (5th section of canto iii.); and the "Soldier's Song" in canto vi. The former passage is marked by exquisite delicacy of treatment. The following is the worst part of it:—

"She said no shepherd sought her side,  
No hunter's hand her snood untied,  
Yet ne'er again to braid her hair  
The virgin snood did Alice wear;  
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,  
Her maiden girdle all too short,  
Nor sought she, from that fatal night,  
Or holy church or blessed rite,  
But locked her secret in her breast,  
And died in travail, unconfessed."

One might say to the Brooklyn pedagogues, as the good Quaker did to a certain prude in trousers who was similarly offended by something of the kind, "Friend, thee does not consider how much indecacy there is in thy delicacy."

WHY IS IT that writers are the only class who cannot, or do not, form themselves into a Mutual Protective Union and regulate the prices at which manuscripts are sold? Authors are the only workers for whose work there are no market rates. They take what they can get (all except a few favored ones), and are grateful. Every other calling, from music to brick-laying, has its Mutual Protective Union, which does what it aims to do. It is only the unhappy author who is entirely at the mercy of his employer. What is the reason for this? Is it because of the glut in the manuscript market? or because authors are without the practical qualities that make possible the successful organization of unions? Or is it that they feel such perfect confidence in editors and publishers that they do not regard "unions" as necessary to their protection? Let us hope that this last may be the true reason.

MUSICIANS, who are supposed by the more unæsthetic class of society to be a most shiftless and unpractical lot, have by their "protective unions" proved that they are as canny as the proverbial Scot. Their action in the matter of the German military bands that have come over here to play at the World's Fair is an illustration of this. It would be unpardonable if it were not so futile—and so amusing. The cause of complaint against the bands is that their members are under contract to play at the rate of \$50 a month, while such a price is regarded as outrageously low by the Union, each of whose members is paid \$8 for every performance and \$5 for every rehearsal. The protectionists put their heads together and decided that the Germans were not artists. The proof of the pudding, as we have been told from childhood's happy hour, is in the eating. The proof of the musicians' quality must therefore be in the playing. So the two bands before they were allowed to play on the mainland were marshalled upon Ellis Island, where

they had to play for a committee of four critics, on whose decision their fate lay. Naturally they played their prettiest, and it was decided, in spite of the foregone conclusion concerning them, that they were artists, and might land in New York, but that they must lose no time in getting to Chicago, for their presence in this city would be demoralizing to the profession of music. "Artists," and playing for \$50 a month! Perish the thought! A man is an artist or a laborer according to the pay he gets; his ability to perform upon the instrument of his choice "has nothing to do with the case."

SINCE MISS LUCY LARCOM'S death I have been looking over some letters I received from her two or three years ago. They are interesting as showing that one may have quite a name as a writer without deriving much pecuniary benefit from it, and also as illustrating the strange and inconsiderate ways of some of our periodicals. "Circumstances make it necessary for me to pass from one thing to another before I have fairly solidified my own ideas," she says. "The circumstance in chief is that I have never made money by writing, and so must turn aside from my own plans when anything profitable distinctly offers itself—and so things that I intend to do often get laid entirely aside. I write verses and sketches for the magazines when I can, but even when these are accepted they sometimes make us writers wait a year or two before they are printed." But notwithstanding these discouragements, she continued writing; for hope springs eternal in the human breast.



SPEAKING OF HER BOOK, "A New England Girlhood," and the many kind letters it brought her, Miss Larcom says:—"I hope sometime to go on with my life as a teacher, West and East, which I only touch on in that little book. My old pupils are anxious that I should, and I have a large constituency of them—having taught girls for more than fifteen years." The book was never written, however; or if it was, it did not get into print. Miss Larcom's memory leaves a gentle fragrance behind it—the fragrance of an old-fashioned garden of lavender and sweet marjoram.

THE PENALTIES of distinction are so great that one is easily reconciled to obscurity. It is not enough to judge a novelist by the work that has made him eminent, but the work of his youth, his "pot-boilers," are unearthed and held up for the inspection of his latter-day audience. I should say that George Meredith's claims to publicity rested upon his novels, and that when the world at large had read them, its curiosity would be satisfied. But such is not the case. One F. Dolman, a gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind, has dug up the editorial work that Mr. Meredith did thirty years and more ago as the editor of the *Ipswich Journal*, and laid it before the readers of *The New Review*. Mr. Meredith edited the *Journal* from his home in Surrey. He wrote week by week one or two leading articles and a column or two of notes, professedly a summary of the week's news. These notes Mr. Dolman believes "would attract attention in any country weekly to-day by the lightness of their touch and the brightness of their style." The thing about these editorial paragraphs in which the American reader will be the most interested is that their writer sympathized openly and entirely with the South during our Civil War. He predicted the "inevitable and irretrievable discomfiture of the North, Jefferson Davis and Stonewall Jackson being con-

stantly exalted at the expense of Lincoln and Grant." In one of his editorials he wrote:—"Alas, with a President who cannot write grammar, and generals who lie to the public and snarl among themselves, and all turn tail to the foe, what can the North do but be abject and ask for a master?" True, Mr. Meredith, the North may ask for a master to-day, but it finds none but itself. We are not foolish enough to put Mr. Meredith's politics against his literary works to the disadvantage of the latter. It is as a writer of romance that we judge him, not as a writer of political editorials. And then he may see things in a very different light to-day from that in which he saw them in the sixties. Many of his countrymen do; and so do many Southerners.

### T. B. A.

ONE MORN a rose-leaf blew from Greece,  
And on the potsherd writ was this:

We, spirits of the heavenly Nine,  
Encamped at Aganippe-shrine,  
Our votes, O Aldrich, cast for thee,  
Ambassador

to

Arcady!

J. A. H.

### A Calendar of Seasons

#### JANUARY

WHITE, all white, and cold!  
Is this the beginning, or end?  
The first of the new, or the last of the old,—  
Death, or a livelier friend?

#### APRIL

There's a throb in the heart of the land,  
And a spirit moves over the deep;  
"Arise!" and the lusty youth shall stand!  
It was not death, but sleep.

#### JULY

Now booms the laden bee  
Across wide-yellowing fields;  
Does the reaper whet his scythe for me,  
Or the grain their promise yields?

#### OCTOBER

Ah! for the boyish days!  
For the apple-blossoms lost!  
Ere a summer's heat and autumn haze  
Foretold the wintry frost.

But mine are the fuller years:  
There is fruit on the bended bough;  
Let the joy of harvest banish tears!  
Why mourn the blossoms now?

WALTER STORRS BIGELOW.

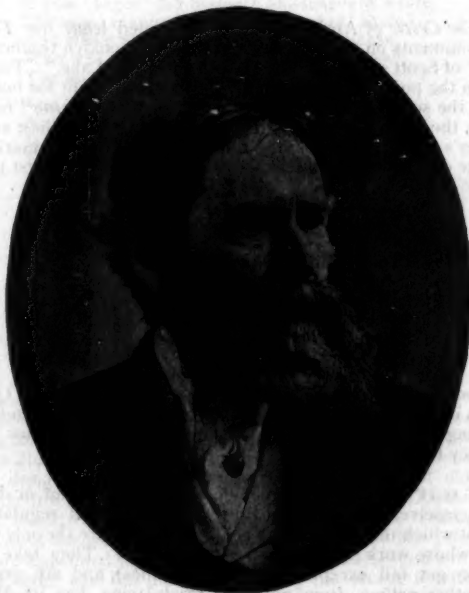
### Lowell as Poet and Man

THAT Mr. Francis H. Underwood's memoir of Mr. Lowell should be of unusual interest was a foregone conclusion. "The Poet and the Man: Recollections and Appreciations of James Russell Lowell" is the full title of the little book, and Messrs. Lee & Shepard are its publishers. Dr. Underwood was almost a life-long friend of Lowell, and was associated with him in the editorship of *The Atlantic Monthly*. In this volume, which he dedicates to Dr. Holmes as "the last of an historic group of authors whose fame is the pride of New England," he tells us that it is entirely distinct from the biographical sketch that he published about a dozen years ago, while Lowell was Minister to Spain. In the present work he necessarily gives the important facts in Lowell's life, but the book's *raison d'être* is to be found in the personal impressions and reminiscences. The author's opportunities for knowing Mr. Lowell in his brightest days were exceptional. Their long personal intercourse in Cambridge was invaluable for this purpose, and he has made excellent use of it. Mr. Underwood had the benefit of association not only with the subject of his memoir, but also with his family and friends. Mr. Lowell, it seems, was not always the idol that he came to be in his later years.

"Before 1850 an ordinary Bostonian, as well as most people 'in society,' would have said, if inquired of, that Lowell was a hair-brained fellow with some knack at verse-making,—a friend of fanatics and come-out-ers, like Abby Folsom and Father Lam-

son, a man out of touch with the world, and a dreamer of Utopian dreams. And, so much is the judgment controlled by personal prejudice, few critics were disposed to consider his claims as a poet. He was more frequently pooh-poohed than praised, and his books had very few buyers. It would have greatly astonished the exalted society in which Everett, Ticknor, Prescott, Hillard, and Harvard professors moved, if it had been foretold that this long-haired youth, who consorted with Garrison and other impossible folk, and sat without shame with women-orators and freed slaves upon public platforms, would in forty years be one of the most distinguished of Americans, a satirist and poet of world-wide fame; one of the few great writers of brilliant and learned prose, and the most honored of foreign ministers."

Dr. Underwood speaks of Lowell and his wife as "idealists." "The portraits of this pair of idealists painted by William Page still hang in the sombre entrance hall at Elmwood; she, with refined features, transparent skin, starry blue eyes, and smooth bands of light brown hair; he, with serious face and eyes in shadow; with ruddy, wavy, and glossy auburn hair, falling almost to the shoulders, a full reddish beard, wearing a coarse-textured brown coat and a broad linen collar turned carelessly down. There are few modern portraits in which costume counts for so little, and soul for so much. In Page's time the poet's eyes and forehead, though suggestive of great possibilities, were calm as a boy's; the forbidding wrinkles and nervous contractions between and above the eyebrows, shown in more recent portraits, were the results of the long and painful studies of later years."



MR. LOWELL IN LATER MIDDLE LIFE.

Mrs. Lowell died in 1853, after long years of invalidism. By this blow, the poet was greatly sobered; but at times he showed some of his natural cheerfulness. "His habitual manner," says Dr. Underwood, "had a mellow autumnal glow." Wit "was as natural to him as breathing, and when the mood was on, he could not help seeing and signalling puns." But bear in mind that "epigrams and puns were the accompaniments, and not the end and aim of his conversation."

Lowell was a member of a whist-club in Cambridge more conspicuous for its intellect than its cleverness at the cards.

"Once when a member's birthday fell on the day of the club's meeting, Lowell preceded the guest to the supper-room, walking backward, holding a pair of great silver candlesticks, and bowing, like a lord-chamberlain ushering a king. Before he had become worn with study his face was usually radiant with smiles. His eyes were searching at times, but benevolent, especially to people of low degree. A servant in the writer's house who had admitted Lowell one evening, said to her mistress in native admiration:—"I declare, ma'am, Mr. Lowell has the *coaxiness* eyes I ever see wid a man."

As Lowell approached middle life he shook off some of the austerity of his youthful days. "The coarse-textured brown coat of



the Page portrait was no longer worn, the size of the linen collar was retrenched, and the auburn locks were shorter, though carefully kept. A velvet jacket was in common use indoors, and never man lived who was more fastidious in the details of the toilet. All things were in harmony with a refined and delicate nature. One might as soon expect to find a smirch on the petals of a new Easter lily as upon his linen or hands. Trifles, but significant."

Mr. Underwood tells the following capital anecdote of Lowell's happy-go-lucky attitude towards money:—

"In 1855, Longfellow having resigned his place as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard College, Lowell was appointed his successor, with leave of absence, that he might perfect himself in his studies. He went to Germany, passing most of his time at Dresden, but did not remain so long as he had intended. In later years he gave an amusing explanation of his premature return; and the story, perhaps, is not unworthy of being repeated, as it is the thistle-downs of humor which are apt to be blown away from stately biographies. Lowell told the story at a whist-party. 'I had given instructions,' he said, 'to my bankers in London to notify me when my balance was reduced to a certain sum; and then I settled myself to my studies, keeping no account of the drafts I drew from time to time. I supposed I had still a good sum to the fore, and a pleasant time in prospect; but I was surprised one day to receive notice that my account had touched the figure I had mentioned. There was nothing to do but pack up and go home, which I did. Mark the sequel! Some years afterward I received a letter from the bankers, stating that owing to the error of a clerk I had been charged with a draft for so-and-so-many pounds, which ought to have been debited to the account of a kinsman of mine; and that sum, with compound interest, was subject to my order. They regretted the inconvenience I had suffered by the shortening of my visit, and, by way of compensation, they suggested an investment—if I did not need the money at once—which they thought would turn out well. I thanked them and asked them to invest the money as they thought best. Well, in a year I got a draft for near 700/. With that I refurnished my house. Now you, who are always preaching figures, and Poor Richard, and business habits, what do you say to that? If I had kept an account and known how it stood, I should have spent that money, and you would not now be sitting in those easy-chairs, or walking on a Wilton carpet. No, hang accounts and figures!'"

As an illustration of the same characteristic, Dr. Estes Howe, Mr. Lowell's brother-in-law, tells this story:—

"Said the Doctor, 'James, as you know, has some good apple-trees; and a few years ago he made a quantity of cider, and then set about looking for bottles. He found a good number and filled them, but still there was a surplus of cider. So what did he do, but ask half-a-dozen friends to supper, send in to Parker's for the "feed," and to Pierce's for a case of champagne, merely to get bottles for that cider!'"

But even in those days when he enjoyed the holiday side of life so intensely, he had his hours of hard work, when he sat at his desk and "toiled terribly." It was at about this time that *The Atlantic* was founded. A dinner-table was the place chosen for mapping out a plan for the magazine.

"Lowell was not methodical, and he hated routine work; but he applied himself strenuously, and gave a high tone to the magazine. His own contributions were good, and often brilliant, but were not to be compared in general interest with the fortunate stroke of Holmes. At the dinner just mentioned Lowell said:—'I will take the place, as you all seem to think I should; but, if success is achieved, we shall owe it mainly to the Doctor.' He continued (talking to the present writer) his observations upon Holmes, in which he showed himself a psychological observer, and something of a prophet:—'You see, the Doctor is like a bright mountain-stream that has been dammed up among the hills, and is waiting for an outlet into the Atlantic.' (The name of the magazine was suggested by Holmes.) 'You will find he has a wonderful store of thoughts—serious, comic, pathetic and poetic—of comparison, figures and illustrations. I have seen nothing of his preparation, but I imagine he is ready. It will be something wholly new, and his reputation as a prose-writer will date from this magazine.'"

These were not actually his words, but they contain the substance of what he said. For two years or more the monthly dinners of the *Atlantic* contributors occurred on the day of publication. They were notable gatherings. Lowell's merriment was "irresistible." "In higher moods his face shone like a soul made visible. There was Emerson, thoughtful, but shrewdly observant, and with the placid look of an optimistic philosopher, whose smile was a benediction; Longfellow, with a head which Phidias might have modelled, by turns calm or radiant, seldom speaking, but always using the fit word; Agassiz, glowing with good humor, simple in phrase and massive in intellect; Whittier, with noble head and deep-set, brilliant eyes, grown spare and taciturn from ill-health, an ascetic

at table, eager only for intellectual enjoyment; Quincy, with patrician air, curious learning, and felicity in epigram; Dwight, with the sky-reaching architecture of Beethoven's symphonies in his brain; Felton, Greek to his fingers' ends, happy in wise discourse and in Homeric laughter; Motley, stateliest man of his time, just about to depart for Europe, there to carry on his life-long work; Norton, the lecturer upon art, future editor of Carlyle's letters; Cabot, a veteran contributor to *The Dial*; Whipple, with two-storied head and bulbous spectacles, keen critic and good talker. There were frequently other writers less known to fame. Of those mentioned, Holmes, Dwight, Cabot and Norton alone survive."

In the kindness of their hearts, the editors on one occasion invited their women contributors to this feast of reason and flow of soul. "Several were expected, but only two came—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. Mrs. Stowe had demurred at first, and only consented upon the stipulation that there should be no wine on the table. Cigars were, of course, out of the question. The condition was agreed to, for all were desirous of doing honor to the woman who had taken such a distinguished part in the great question of the day. The dinner passed agreeably, though the ladies did not have a great deal to say. Crystal jars and pitchers of iced water were plentiful along the table, and if by chance a few of them had a judicious mingling of some other pale beverage, the pervading scent of flowers that filled the room would have smothered the guilty secret. The sparkle of surprise in some faces when the glasses were raised was as good as a play."

Lowell's salary as editor was \$3000 a year with extra pay for his contributions. "The usual rates for the best writers were ten dollars a page for prose, and an average of fifty dollars for a poem. *The Atlantic* was not able to pay the prices given to leading authors to-day. But Lowell and the fraternity were fully satisfied."

In 1857 Mr. Lowell married again and went to live with Dr. Estes Howe, near the college grounds. The Doctor's wife was a sister of the first Mrs. Lowell. "After a time Lowell went back to Elmwood to live. He was most happy in his marriage, as his wife shared his tastes, and was a woman to be loved. He had never been a steady worker, which is not remarkable in a poet; beyond that, he was dilatory and procrastinating to such a degree that, without some (carefully concealed) encouragement, he might have gone on indefinitely."

'Involved in a paulo-post-future of song.'

His wife was surely his good angel, and the results of his labors after his second marriage show that he had been animated by new resolution."

It is indeed singular, as Dr. Underwood says, that Thackeray had no appreciation of Lowell's serious poetry. "He said to the author of this volume (July, 1857):—'With such a genius for comedy, greater, I believe, than any English poet ever had,—with such wit, drollery, Yankee sense and spirit, I wonder he does not see his "best hold," and stick to it. Why a man who can delight the world with such creations as "Hosea Biglow" should insist upon writing second-rate serious verse I cannot see.' And there was much more of the same sort. He evidently loved Lowell, for, in speaking of him a little later, a spray of tears bedimmed his large spectacles; but he could not see any merit or 'extenuating circumstances' in his serious verse."

In the course of his recollections Dr. Underhill says:—"As has been more than once said, Lowell wrote with extreme care, but none of his prose appeared in book form until after it had been kept, considered, and carefully gone over. He was inaccessible to offers of money for articles or poems; and in the last years of his life enormous sums were named as ready for any contributions from his pen. But he wrote only when a subject came to him naturally, and when to write was a pleasure and a duty. Had he been avaricious, or even reasonably 'thrifty,' he could have earned a large income. As it was, he earned enough for his wants, and wrote enough for his fame."

Two portraits adorn the pages of Mr. Underwood's book, one of which we take pleasure in reproducing.

### The Censor Above the Tsar

THE CURRENT discussion of Russian laws and customs apropos of the Extradition treaty gives point and timeliness to the following letter from Comte Émile de Kératry (who, it will be remembered, came to America as the representative of leading French literary, musical and artistic societies during the copyright campaign) to Mr. R. U. Johnson, Secretary of the American Copyright League:—

"I hasten to reply to your letter of yesterday in which you request information in regard to the result of my last visit to Russia in the interest of the security of literary property."

"In June, 1890, after leaving the United States, where I had the pleasure of participating in the contest for the success of the copy-

right bill, I had the honor to be sent to Russia in the name of the authors and artists of France for the purpose of negotiating a literary convention with the imperial government.

"In your democratic country the power of legislating upon this question is intrusted to Congress alone. In Russia the question offers more complex difficulties because official action must have at the same time the entire agreement of five Ministers—namely, those of the Interior, of Public Instruction, of Foreign Affairs, of Superintendence of the Imperial Theatres and of the Fine Arts, and, lastly, of Justice.

"After the Crimean War a literary convention was for the first time signed between France and Russia. At its expiration under the Tsar Alexander the Second, Russia withdrew from it on the ground of the necessity of revising the laws of Russia and Finland, which prescribed excessive penalties against unlawful reprinters, and also under pressure from the publishers of Russian music, who vigorously complained that they could no longer carry on their business of piracy.

"I therefore negotiated upon a new basis of penalties with the five Ministers, and I had from them nothing but the most agreeable reception. Certain preliminaries having met with opposition, I had the honor to address to his Majesty the Tsar a memorial, which I sent to M. de Giers, the Premier, with the assistance of the French ambassador, and which was submitted to his Majesty, who, after making himself acquainted with it, was pleased to order an opening of negotiations.

"I returned to St. Petersburg in January, 1891, to renew the negotiations. In the following March (my rôle of preliminary discussion being at an end) it was decided that the French Ambassador should act officially with the imperial government.

"The affair now stands just where it was. For although his Majesty, the Emperor, showed himself to be animated by a sentiment of good-will and justice, the Director of the Censorship, installed at the Ministry of the Interior, gave evidence of his desire to resist every innovation favorable to a more liberal policy. *The Century Magazine* in its issue for May, 1891, reproduced a page of one of its articles which had been totally effaced by the Russian censor. The same spirit still exists, and implies the absolute negation of the right to think and to write—a right which is thus refused alike to authors of Russia and of other countries. It is to be feared that this insular spirit of the Russian bureaucracy will continue for a long time to come, and that in consequence Russia will remain closed to all overtures of this kind from other countries, to a time the limit of which it is not possible to fix.

"Nevertheless, one must not be discouraged in pursuit of this measure of justice and of human dignity."

## Music

### Vale, Paderewski!

THE DEPARTURE of Mr. Paderewski laden with the spoils of the Egyptians and followed by the adoration of hundreds of thousands may well suggest a few words of comment. This truly gifted artist goes eastward across the seas and leaves behind him an unparalleled record of pecuniary success. His gross receipts for the season reached \$160,000. This sum stands as the measure of a public adulation which has never before been bestowed in America on any person engaged in a purely artistic calling. Literary men and painters have accumulated such sums by years of patient toil and frugality; but here is a man who, living like a prince, has four times a week performed the works of others, with an occasional bit of his own, and in an overwhelming ecstasy the public has laid a fortune at his feet. If he had lost his head and become a vainglorious *poseur*, there would have been small cause for wonder. If he had announced his resolution to cease from labor to betake himself to Paris and there revel till age chilled desire, none would have marvelled. But he has modestly told a few friends that he hopes to be allowed to go into retirement and to devote his facile fancy and exuberant temperament to the joy of creation, to the composition rather than the exposition of music.

This will be the one thing needed to demonstrate the fulness of Mr. Paderewski's artistic nature. If he does hide himself among the Swiss valleys and thence send to us new and worthy melodies, the few clever devices of his closing days here will be forgiven. For it is beyond dispute that this man has creative power. It has been forgotten by many of those who might have remembered it, because the public has gone mad about his playing. The virtuoso has been worshipped, the composer ignored. It is always so in music and it always will be. The great majority of those who listen to music listen foolishly. Few know what is good and what is bad in the performance, not to speak of the music itself. But when once the fiat of the authoritative few has gone forth as to the transcendent ability of any performer the world goes mad about that artist. Persons who never heard any other singer of the first

order go scores of miles to listen to Patti, even now when she sings often out of tune and with only occasional flashes of her early brilliancy. Rubinstein still conquers, though he is old, confessedly blasé, and never was an absolutely accurate player.

So Mr. Paderewski's playing has attracted thousands who never heard any other real pianist, who have had no standards of comparison and who have applauded rather from astonishment at his ability to play his programs at all than from admiration at the beautiful and significant individuality of his work. In the face of this kind of approval, poor Criticism must hide her weary head and wonder why she exists.

But the time will inevitably come when the world will know whether Paderewski was the fancy of a time, a mere ephemera in art, or a substantial entity. We believe that he has within him a potency not yet fully revealed. His playing is influential because of a strange, irresistible magnetism by which he wins our love even while he is reconstructing the significance of passages by the great masters in a manner against which judgment protests. Paderewski is the most intensely subjective of all pianists. His own personality permeates everything he plays. Even Bach becomes a romantic, dreamy-eyed Pole; yet we listen spellbound, and as the last cadence vibrates into silence, vow that no such polyphonic playing was ever heard. The next day, perhaps, we recover and say:—"But D'Albert plays Bach more justly."

A man with this power in performance will achieve something admirable when he devotes himself to composition. Already he has given us samples of his mental stores. His concerto is excellent; his nocturne is a gem of originality; his variations rank with those of Mendelssohn and Raff. His concerto shows that he understands what may be called the business of composition. He is not a poet without prosody. Of this man in the future, if he lives up to his promises, the world will surely have good to say.

For the present we may bid him *au revoir* with good grace. He has played the piano for us as we have never heard it played before. There is something so subtle in the demi-tints of his tone-color that it evades all attempts at analysis. We all know it is there; we all know that in spite of the fact that the piano is a pulsatile instrument he has made it seem to breathe. The technician tells us it is done by a remarkable command of the different varieties of touch, a unique development of independence of finger, and a masterly originality in the management of the pedals. The mystic will tell us that it is done by a transference of soul-magnetism to the wires through the physical contact of the fingers with the key-board. We shall probably not care to discuss the matter with either. We shall be more likely to content ourselves with saying in a commonplace way:—"He plays the piano like an angel." And let us hope that he will compose like a god.

## The Drama

### Miss Wilkins's "Giles Corey" on the Stage

IT IS NOT LIKELY that the Theatre of Arts and Letters will soon find another such an opportunity of justifying its name and pretensions as it had in the case of Miss Wilkins's play of "Giles Corey," and it is quite certain that it will not be able to waste it more completely. After its treatment of this remarkable work, in Palmer's Theatre here, and elsewhere, it must either reform itself altogether, or forever abandon its claim to be considered as something far removed from the ordinary theatre by reason of superior intelligence, culture and purpose. The best friends of the Society have been compelled to confess, more or less unwillingly, that it has failed to live up to its promises, or to show any particular advance upon the ordinary, every-day methods of mere vulgar money-making theatrical management; but it was urged in excuse that bricks could not be made without straw, and that if the Society presented plays for the most part of third-rate calibre, it was simply because nothing better was to be had. It is unfortunately too true that literary and dramatic masterpieces are not to be picked up at every corner, and all experienced persons know that the vast majority of the unacted plays which test the capacity of managerial closets are indescribable rubbish, but a good play, in the literary and dramatic sense, does turn up now and then, and if a Theatre of Arts and Letters has any mission at all it is to discover these rare gifts of a not too beneficent providence and help them to gain the public recognition, which is their due, by giving them proper representation.

Concerning the value of Miss Wilkins's play, "Giles Corey," there has been little or no difference of opinion among those who have been privileged to read it. Some may estimate it more highly than others, but all are agreed that it is written with classic directness, simplicity and force, that it reproduces the atmosphere of a place and period with extraordinary fidelity, and that it is essentially dramatic in the best sense, while it is absolutely and most delightfully free from all the cheap and vulgar expedients which nobody



supposes to be dramatic except the curious folk who write melodramas and act as stage-managers for the inferior theatres. One would have thought that the Theatre of Arts and Letters at least would have been as quick as the great body of readers to recognize the merits of this true and touching American tragedy, and would have been proud to do themselves, and Miss Wilkins, honor by putting it on the stage in its integrity, or with such few modifications as might prove unavoidable, and with the most suitable cast that could be secured. Instead of this they preferred to adopt a mangled version of the piece, prepared by a young man who has had some experience as a stage-manager, apparently regards everything from the spectacular point of view, and is, consequently, one of the very last persons to whom so strong and fine a piece of work ought to have been intrusted. He was scared, presumably, at the thought of six acts, so he condensed them into three, transposing several of the scenes, omitting others and adding some of his own. He did not even hesitate to tamper with the characters themselves, or to substitute dialogue of his own for that originally written. Whether Miss Corey ever gave her consent to this abominable procedure is a matter of little moment so far as the responsibility of the Theatre of Arts and Letters is concerned. That institution, certainly, had the choice between the true version and the false, and surely ought to have had judgment enough to discern the difference between the tragic and truthful simplicity of the one and the cheap tricks and charlatany of the other. As to the performance, that was not much better than the adaptation, but it is scarcely worth while to discuss it. It is only fair, however, to recognize the good work of Mr. Plympton. The important point is that "Giles Corey" has not been produced yet, and that its reputation as a tragedy for the stage is likely to suffer through the faults of the monstrosity exhibited under its name.

### John Addington Symonds

ILL-HEALTH had compelled Mr. John Addington Symonds, who died at Rome on April 19, to reside during the last years of his life at Davos, in the Swiss Alps—a favorite resort of sufferers from disease of the lungs. The well-known man-of-letters died in his prime, for he was not yet three-and-fifty years of age, and had only last year produced perhaps his most valuable book—the *Life of Michelangelo*. Of this standard work, favorably noticed in *The Critic* of Dec. 10, a new and cheaper edition, still in two volumes, but reduced in price from \$12.50 to \$7.50, has just been issued.



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JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

Mr. Symonds was born at Bristol, England, on 5 Oct., 1840; was sent to Harrow, and afterwards to Balliol College, Oxford, where he won the Newdigate prize; and in 1862 was elected a Fellow of Magdalen College. His first book was an "Introduction to the Study of Dante" (1872); the next, two readable volumes on the poets of Greece—"Studies of the Greek Poets" (1873-6). The work by which he is best known, however, is "The Renaissance in Italy," consisting of four parts—"The Age of Despotism" (1875),

"The Revival of Learning" (1877), "The Fine Arts" (1877), and "Italian Literature" (2 vols., 1881), and supplemented by "The Catholic Reaction" (2 vols., 1886). Concurrently with and subsequent to the publication of the various "Renaissance" volumes, Mr. Symonds produced "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama" (1884); a translation of the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, and one of the "Sonnets of Michelangelo and Campagna" (the latter in 1878); a volume of translations of students' Latin songs of the twelfth century, "Wine, Women and Song: Mediaeval Songs in English Verse" (1884); "Shelley" and "Sir Philip Sidney" in the English Men-of-Letters Series, and "Ben Jonson" in the English Worthies Series; and, in collaboration with his daughter Margaret, "Our Life in the Swiss Highlands" (1892). Some of these books are published in this country by the Henry Holt & Co., others by the Scribners, others by the Harpers, and the last-named by Macmillan & Co. The death of Mr. Symonds will cause a gap in the ranks of English writers not easily to be filled to the satisfaction of his many admirers. A posthumous word from his lips will be heard in the *May Century*—"Recollections of Lord Tennyson."

### London Letter

ENGLISH LITERATURE and English literary interest have often been censured as insular. It has been said, and resaid so often as now scarcely to be worth the saying, that the young English critic is inclined to disregard every movement in letters that lies without the narrow territory between the Tweed and Land's End, and that his view is inevitably partial and circumscribed. But the time has, I think, already come when such a criticism must be pronounced old-fashioned. Allusion has already been made in these pages to the French movement in contemporary English literature, and to the Scandinavian; we have now more than one series of foreign translations which appear with periodical regularity, and month by month the reviews generally contain some article upon the life and work of a Continental writer. The danger has, indeed, changed its expression; the fear now is rather that we shall look too far afield for the new sensation than that a home-keeping wit shall render us ignorant of what is stirring beyond our own threshold.

A special interest, then, as it seems to me, attaches to a new literary movement which has been gradually gaining ground during the last few weeks, and appears now to have established itself upon something like a tangible and permanent basis. The Irish Literary Society is at last a completed institution, and a brief sketch of its growth and aims will, perhaps, be of interest to American readers. The idea of such a society originated in the brain of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. At first it appealed to but few, and its beginnings were little enough noticed. A very interesting article on the subject by Mr. W. P. Ryan recently appeared in *The Library Review*, but did not attract the notice which the merit of its importance deserved. The notion of establishing a library of exclusively Irish works seems to have first occurred to Sir Charles no less than fifty years ago, when he was editing the *Dublin Nation*. "The Library of Ireland," as the series then started was called, included works historical, biographical and poetical, and attracted the notice and sympathy of Longfellow and Lord Houghton. But the contributors died off, and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is almost the only survivor of this first coterie. The scheme, however, has not been allowed to die, and during the early months of last year it was determined to make another attempt towards forming a national literature for the "most distressful country." Sir Charles left the Riviera in the summer to return to London and lay his plans. The first idea was that of a limited liability company, and this scheme was still maintained until within a few weeks ago. The capital was to be 10,000*l.*, and the greater part of it was immediately promised.

But though the money was forthcoming, it was found impossible to get business men in Ireland capable and willing to act as directors, and to give to the undertaking all the time and interest which it demanded. It was, therefore, considered advisable to seek a London publisher, and Mr. Fisher Unwin, already known in connection with several original and successful enterprises, expressed his willingness to exploit the new library. The contract with him has, it is understood, been signed within the last few days, and the first volumes may be expected very shortly. Mr. Fisher Unwin will be well-known to American readers as the English publisher of the issues of the Century Co., and as the originator of the very successful Pseudonym Library, through which Miss Hawker, the author of "Mademoiselle Ixe" and "Cecilia de Noël" was first introduced to the English and American public. Mr. Unwin is now in America, and will, it may be concluded, arrange, while there, for an American edition of the Irish Library. Meanwhile, matters progress rapidly upon this side. Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. William O'Brien have lent their aid to the movement; rooms have been taken in Bloomsbury, and several meetings of the Society held.

Even as I write the news reaches me of a soirée just given there, at which Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves read a paper on "The Songs of Old Ireland." For the library itself arrangements are far advanced. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy himself will be editor-in-chief, assisted by Mr. T. W. Rolleston and Mr. Douglas Hyde.

The first volume to be issued will, it is reported, be Thomas Davis's unpublished work, "The Patriot Parliament of 1691," a defence of James II.'s government of Ireland. This will be followed shortly by other works: a collection of Bardic Tales by Mr. Standish O'Grady, and an anthology of Irish ballad poetry by Mr. W. B. Yeats, who is already well-known as the editor of a charming series of Celtic fairy-tales, to which allusion was made in these pages last week. Dr. John Todhunter will contribute a life of Gen. Sarsfield; Dr. Sigerson will deal with Irish missionaries on the Continent; and other volumes will be a monograph on Dr. Doyle by Mr. Michael MacDonagh, and a life of Roger O'More by the editor-in-chief.

But the publication of books is not, we learn from Mr. W. P. Ryan, to be the sole object of the Society. It is vain to publish books if readers are lacking, and literary interest in Ireland has been notoriously stagnant during the last few years of political distress. An attempt will, therefore, be made to stir up the spirit of the country-side. Lecturers will be sent through the country; reading-rooms will be started wherever it is found practicable, and the same means will be employed in Scotch and English towns in which there is any considerable percentage of an Irish population.

It seems, indeed, as though a revolution in taste resorts invariably to extremes; we have neglected Irish literature and Irish subjects for so long that we now return to them with a double zest. A new field is found, and everyone hastens to till it; just as, when Mr. Kipling began to write of India, Indian stories became the fashion. So, too, Ireland is to be the attraction of the next few months. Miss Jane Barlow's "Irish Idylls" have met with the heartiest of welcomes, as dealing with a new and inspiring subject. Mr. Harold Frederic's "The Return of the O'Mahoneys" is being read at all the libraries; and one notices with interest that the first book issued by the new firm of McClure & Co. is a volume of Irish stories by Mr. Frank Mathew, entitled "At the Rising of the Moon," studies in national life from the pen of an Irish student.

This new movement must, I think, find sympathy among men and women interested in the spread of literature. If the scheme meets with one tithe of the success which its promoters hope for it, it ought to do much towards the social and intellectual benefit of the Irish. It ought, too, to give us from the hands and brains of those who know the truth of things, some real, unadorned picture of a history written in blood and tears,—the story of a nation whose life has been one long tragedy. It ought to move us to new sympathy, and teach us a new lesson.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

### Boston Letter

IN THE SAME grand church where last the remains of Phillips Brooks were viewed the funeral services over the poet Lucy Larcom were held. Her friends came in numbers to Trinity Church to pay the last sad tribute, and the floral offerings were in themselves indicative of wealth of regard. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of Miss Larcom's books, sent a large wreath of ivy filled with violets; Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's tribute was a bunch of roses and a wreath of laurel, while the members of the Wheaton Seminary Club, with remembrance of the six years in which Miss Larcom had taught at the Norton school, added their floral remembrance to the others. As Dr. Donald, the pastor, was ill, the services were conducted by his assistant. It is interesting to notice that one of the hymns chosen was the same selected for the funeral of Bishop Brooks, "For all the saints who from their labors rest." A brief service was held at Beverly the same afternoon, and in that town the remains were interred.

One of the last acts of Miss Larcom's life was the writing of a note to the Wheaton Seminary Club acknowledging an unexpected gift from her "girls" as she loved to call them. That was the last time a pen was in her hand. At the same time with this gift of \$500 came another for a similar amount from her publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is said that Miss Larcom's last work was the correction of the proof of her poem, "Dreaming and Waking," published in *The Independent* on the 13th of April.

According to authority which I have not had time to investigate but which I think is reliable, Lucy Larcom's first verse has never been published, and the only transcript of its lines is that which can be gleaned from the memory of her brother Jonathan Larcom, who now, at the age of seventy-five, resides near Lowell. He says that one day when his sister, then about six or seven years of age, was playing in the garden he suggested to her that they write some poetry, and so each of them went to a corner of the

yard and attempted the task. He was utterly unsuccessful in evolving any rhyme, but she wrote out something which as near as can be remembered read as follows:—

"One summer's day, said little Jane,  
I was walking down a shady lane,  
When suddenly the wind blew high  
And red lightning flashed in the sky.  
The peals of thunder, how they roll.  
I felt myself a little cool;  
When just before I was so warm,  
And now around me is a storm."

It is a curious little bit of childish rhyme and is therefore rather interesting from that point of view.

Though Mr. Charles A. Longfellow's remains were cremated in Germantown, Pa., the ashes were retained for interment in the family tomb at Mount Auburn. I am told by a soldier friend of Mr. Longfellow that he was one of the most generous as well as bravest officers of our Army, and this little incident was related to me in illustration. Shortly after he joined his regiment, the First Massachusetts Cavalry, he learned that two brother officers would be unable to receive their back pay because they had been captured by the enemy and their names stricken from the rolls. Now they had returned and found that through this technicality they could not draw money which assuredly should be theirs. Mr. Longfellow's sense of justice could not agree with this arrangement, nor could his kindness of heart permit it, so that, through a friend, he turned his own salary over to these two officers stipulating only that his name should not be mentioned in the matter. His friend to whom he intrusted the plan urged, however, that he allow his name to be used as it would be so conducive to *esprit de corps* in the regiment.

At the dedication of the new gymnasium for the Kindergarten for the Blind at Jamaica Plains last Friday, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe read the following poem, composed especially for the occasion:—

"There is a kindergarten of the mind  
More regal than the realm of sight,  
Richer than gold or gems combined,  
Man's true inheritance and right."

"Dark ignorance doth wall it round,  
And watchful guardians keep the key  
By which the entrance may be found  
To their domain of majesty."

"There dwell great sages of the Past,  
The leaders and the saints of old,  
Souls in such noble features cast  
As have succeeding times controlled."

"These little ones, whose darkened eyes  
Afford no lesson of the day,  
Stand waiting in a mute surprise  
Till we shall open to them the way."

"Say, shall they live and only hear  
Of joys which never can be theirs,  
Like sheep who have the pasture near  
Their sorrowing hunger never shares?"

"Our eyes are flooded with the light  
And varying charm of form and hue;  
Oh, give to them the inner light  
That brings the heavenly truth in view."

"Our feet are free to come and go,  
But theirs are chained with doubt and fear;  
Then should our love console them so,  
That they shall rest in comfort near."

"When man's Redeemer heavenward sped,  
He uttered a command of might:  
'Feed ye my sheep, my lambs,' He said,  
And softly vanished from man's sight."

"So, pausing for a fitting word,  
These happy portals to unlock;  
From distant Palestine I heard  
The gracious message, 'Feed my flock.'"

"Sure when shall come the solemn hour  
That links us with Death's shadowy sleep,  
This thought shall have uplifting power;  
O Master! we have fed Thy sheep."

Little Helen Keller and Tommy Stringer were there to illustrate the good work accomplished for the afflicted little ones. The institution needs about \$70,000 at present, and it is hoped it will be aided in some way.

The continuation of the Brinley Library sale brought satisfactory bids. Thus \$109.50 was paid for a collection which embraced a letter from William Johnson to the Governor of the Colonies written the day after the battle of Lake George, Sept. 8, 1775, an engraving of the battle and a letter to Gov. Fitch of Connecticut



communicating to the militia officers the news of the surrender of Fort William; while \$36 was paid for a copy of a letter from Charles Chauncey relating the defeat of the French at Lake George. This fifth and last part of the library brought \$14,654; and the four parts sold in New York having brought \$112,554, the total is seen to be \$127,208.

BOSTON, April 25, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### Chicago Letter

IN "THE COLOSSUS" (F. J. Schulte & Co.) Mr. Opie Read has made a deliberate attempt to portray certain phases of life in Chicago which have hitherto escaped the novelist. The name of a great mercantile establishment is the title of the volume, and the head of the firm is its strongest character, skilfully and suggestively drawn. The life of the huge shop is flashed on us now and then, but one feels it in its effect upon the millionaire himself rather than in any detailed description of its workings. It is the background of the composition, unobtrusive, but coloring the entire work. The writer accepts it for what it is, dealing frankly with it and making no attempt to point a moral, nor to unfold a theory in regard to its effect. But he indicates certain principles of its government which can hardly be called humane, and the rapacity of some of its chiefs is sharply suggested. There is no mistaking the Western flavor of the book, and its style has an almost telegraphic abruptness that expresses in a way the city's restless, hurrying life. Its swiftness of movement makes it readable, though the incidents are not cohesive and the plot is sensational. The cleverness of the novel lies not in these, however, but in its rapid and effective characterization on broad lines, and in its vivacity of utterance in reproducing some familiar city types. Few of the conversations in which women take part have the touch of nature, notably those impossible interludes in the newspaper office which bear no mark of truth. Mr. Read, in fact, does not understand the refinements of social intercourse, and where he attempts to make his characters most delicate and honorable they are often ludicrous. The entire conception is based on a false theory of honor, and the writer has attempted a difficult task in trying to arouse one's sympathies for a man who is foolish enough to promise to enact a lie and weak enough to keep his word. One cannot but suspect his motives in spite of his haughty independence.

In Bohemia Mr. Read is more at home than in Philistia, and his pictures of life at the Press Club are among the best things he has done, exaggerated as they may seem to one unfamiliar with such careless, improvident, light-hearted journalists. Some of their talk has wit in it, plentifully flavored with slang and even vulgarity, but its merit lies in a certain convincing truth of atmosphere. An occasional swift description of character is vivid, like that of Flummers, which concludes: "All his utterances were declamatory; and he had a set of scallopy gestures that were far beyond the successful mimicry of his fellows. The less he thought the more wisely he talked. Meditation hampered him, and like a rabbit, he was generally at his best when he first 'jumped up.'" In his more labored character-drawing the author is less successful, and he has failed with his priggish hero, and even more lamentably with the villain, whose full and free confession is hardly consistent with his harsh and secretive nature. George Wither-spoon, the chief of the Colossus Company, has more of vigorous life in him than any two of the other characters. His personality is cleverly handled; and his absorption in business, leaving him only a secondary interest even in the return of his son lost from childhood, is well touched off. One of the most skilful contrasts in this portrayal lies in the merchant's modest silence in regard to his own achievements and his boastful exultant pride in those of the city. At the end of the book Mr. Read leaves his characters in the air—a lame and impotent conclusion, but perhaps the only one possible, as it would certainly be difficult to follow up so fantastic a creation as Dr. Golyer.

The two great decorations in the Woman's Building—I use the adjective advisedly—are now in position; and they are an interesting contrast. No one who is familiar with Mrs. MacMonnies's graceful work could be prepared for so rapid a development as her present achievement displays. It has far more dignity and strength, more symmetry and beauty than anything she has previously done, and it shows a finer thoughtfulness, a more poetic feeling. The influence of Puvis de Chavannes is evident in the work, but it is a beneficent influence and not slavishly followed. Something of his clear cool color she has caught in her background, with its straight blue-green trees, and something of his direct simplicity in its horizontal and vertical lines; but the composition is more crowded than his, and in the figures there is a greater variety of color. In treating the subject of "Primitive Woman," Mrs. MacMonnies has selected some of the more picturesque of her duties. At the left she shows the plowshare and the graceful sowers, and in the central panel a group of women carrying jars upon their

heads give movement to the picture, a swinging, graceful processional. Near them a woman bathes her child in a pool, and another, tall and majestic, stands draped in warm rich black,—a note that strengthens and harmonizes the color scheme. A fine group at the right shows the return from the chase; a stalwart man recounting his adventures to the wondering women. The entire work is decorative, and Mrs. MacMonnies has conceived her work as a part of the room for which it was intended, thus uniting her scheme to that of the great gallery it ornaments.

The second number of *The Contributors' Magazine*, which is privately printed for members of the Contributors' Club, was written chiefly by professionals. Mr. Henry B. Fuller has two articles, one on Seville and the other a review of "Cosmopolis," and among the other contributors to a readable number are Mr. H. R. Heaton, Mr. George P. Upton, Mr. Oliver T. Morton, Mrs. Henrotin and Miss Kirkland. Mr. Fuller's new novel, by the way, will be printed in *Harper's Weekly*, instead of the *Monthly*, beginning early in June. Its title is to be "The Cliff-Dwellers."

CHICAGO, 25 April, 1893.

LUCY MONROE.

### Country Pleasures Near New York

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I have been greatly pleased with the occasional paragraphs in *The Critic* that have spoken a word in favor of secluded retreats in the country; especially for professional people, brain-workers, and especially in the heated term. We hear enticing stories of "abandoned farms" that are almost given away, with a horse and buggy thrown in, but they are generally located in some indefinite part of Vermont or Pennsylvania where it would take two days, two horses and two guides to find one's farm after he had purchased it. No wonder that the weary quill-drivers and brush-wielders, who are more or less wedded to Gotham streets, shrink from becoming "abandoned farmers" and fighting stones, briars and potato beetles for the reward of even a cycle in that far Cathay. Now the fact is that one can find cheap farms, picturesque scenery, high ground and healthful air, and abundance of acres in all stages of tameness or wildness, within an hour and a half of New York, if one knows where to look. I have a pet hobby-horse of an idea, or call it a figure, or a figure-head, shaped like this: It is an imaginary line drawn about New York City from 30 to 40 miles in radius, not a perfect circle, but near to it, which I call "the speculative circle." Within this distance of the city you will find tamed landscape, "Queen Anne" houses and building-lot values sitting like ogres on the land. Just beyond this circle is the golden zone for home buyers. The old farmers are scared out or dying off. The young people have yielded to urban enchantments and fled to the towns, while beautiful sites, cosy old houses, gardens and orchards invite the tired brain-workers of the city to come out and buy them, improve the land and improve their own souls.

This view of the circle of cheap farm homes is not a mirage. Now I will reduce it to facts. A bit of experience first. Four years ago I offered \$2000 for a charming site of ten acres near Scarsdale in Westchester. It commanded an artist's vista of the chocolate-colored Palisades between high hills, while to the eastward one looked down on New Rochelle and the Sound. Quiet, seclusion, beauty were all around. While the agent was telegraphing, and the owner was hourly dropping down to my figure, I found and bought a still better bargain. But now that first site is in the circle of speculative values. Within twenty-four hours after I bid on it, it was bought for \$200 more than I offered, and now it is "not for sale." Suburban improvement companies have settled on all the land, and with their building-lot maps, like big waffle-irons, have fried and sizzled prices up to the scalding point.

Just outside of the speculative circle I know of bargains like this: There is a 75-acre tract, half on a high ridge, the balance dropping abruptly in front to a large trout stream, skirting its windings for a third of a mile. A lovely valley view, a glimpse of the Sound, this lovely brook for fishing and bathing, for eye-delight and nature-music, with a few tumbledown buildings, for \$2300! A neat cottage and barn could be built on the place for \$1200 upward.

Likewise there is a 75-acre farm with an old 14-story little white cottage, new carriage-house and old barn, occupying the brow of a ridge with a glorious view of scores of miles of the Sound and Long Island, for only \$3600.

I know of a perfect eyry of a house that cost a dozen years ago \$5000 or \$6000, on a heaven-kissing altitude for this country, with a bird's-eye view of a half-dozen villages, and looking in the Sound as a lady looks in her mirror. Barns, and 36 acres thrown in, for \$5000.

These instances may substantiate my argument that for \$2000 to \$5000, or an annual expense in interest of \$100 to \$300, one can find plenty of land and a cosy summer home within easy drive of salt water, yet on an elevation of 400 feet or more, and within one to one and a half hour's railroad ride of New York City.

SPRINGDALE, CONN.

C. H. C.

### The Fine Arts "Gothic Architecture"

"GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE," by Edward Corroyer, is a translation of one of a series of architectural manuals by the author, who is an architect in the employ of the French Government. As the object of the present volume is to work out a theory of evolution beginning not with the Gothic but with Roman architecture, and as the author frequently refers to his former volume on Romanesque architecture for proof of what he advances in this, it is to be hoped that his history of Romanesque architecture will also be translated. The present work, however, is fairly complete in itself, as the author includes a sufficient number of examples of the transition period, and the reader who has some knowledge of the general principles governing vaulted construction will be able to follow him in his demonstration. He passes from the curious cupolas of St. Front at Périgueux to the groined vaults of Angers and Laval, and thence to the completed Gothic including the use of the flying buttress. There follow several chapters on the churches and cathedrals of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and then the author goes on to describe Gothic painting, sculpture and stained glass, and lay and domestic architecture. The principal merit of the book, however, is in its numerous and carefully prepared drawings. The work of Mr. Walter Armstrong, as editor, seems to be confined to an attack on M. Corroyer's "Chauvinism" in claiming the Gothic as a French style. Mr. Armstrong says with truth that at the time of the rise of Gothic architecture northeastern France and southern England were, in such matters, practically one country; but they were so because French influence predominated; and, while there is plenty of proof that French architects were concerned in the building of English cathedrals, there is no proof of a corresponding influence exercised by England on France. M. Corroyer's "Chauvinism" is, in fact, merely a moderate patriotism, and though it may have led him wrong in one or two instances, it does not in any considerable degree impair the value of his book. (\$2. Macmillan & Co.)

### Hamerton's "Drawing and Engraving"

"DRAWING AND ENGRAVING," by P. G. Hamerton, is made up from the author's articles in "The Encyclopædia Britannica" revised and extended, and include a historical and technical account of drawing from the flourishing period of ancient Egyptian art and of engraving from the first block books to the present time. Mr. Hamerton speaks of advanced Egyptian art as "primitive," and of Greek art as beginning where Egyptian left off—a simple but inaccurate way of reading history. Similarly, he speaks of classic art having completely died out before northern art began—a sweeping statement which should be taken with much reserve. In his preface he insists on the educational value of drawing and on the influence of technique on expression, and his remarks on both subjects are very sensible. In both divisions of the present book he goes over much ground that he had already covered in his book on "The Graphic Arts," but his descriptions of technical processes are, we think, clearer in the present work, and more likely to be of value to the amateur and the collector. In an appendix he compares some of Turner's drawings of French scenery with the actual landscapes, showing how freely Turner handled the material that Nature supplied him. There are numerous good illustrations on wood, steel, copper, etc. (\$7. Macmillan & Co.)

### The Municipal Art Society

THE MUNICIPAL ART SOCIETY, organized on March 22, held its first regular meeting on Monday last in the rooms of the Architectural League, 215 West 57th Street. A permanent organization was effected and the following officers unanimously elected: President, Richard M. Hunt; Vice-President, William A. Coffin; Second Vice-President, W. S. V. Allen; Secretary, E. Hamilton Bell; Treasurer, Cyrus J. Lawrence; Counsel, James H. Ward. The Executive Committee is made up of Edwin H. Blashfield, W. H. Low, George W. Maynard, E. H. Kendall, H. J. Hardenbergh, W. B. Bigelow, Augustus St. Gaudens, J. Q. A. Ward, Olin Warner, Perry Belmont, J. Armstrong Chanler, W. T. Evans and the Mayor, who is a member ex-officio. A letter was read from Mayor Gilroy heartily indorsing the purpose of the Society. A committee was appointed by the President to make arrangements for a public meeting in May for the discussion of the needs and objects of the Society. It is proposed to obtain by competition works of art for the decoration of the municipal buildings. Three prizes will be offered every year, and the work will be passed upon by a committee of forty. The object is to provide sculptural and pictorial decorations for the public buildings and parks in New York. It is desired to secure a membership of at least 2000 men and women. The competitions will be open to everyone. The Society at present has nearly 200 members.

### Art Notes

THE THREE PRIZES founded by the late Julius Hallgarten, for the first, second and third best pictures painted by American citizens under thirty-five years old and exhibited at the National Academy of Design, were awarded on April 19 to C. Morgan McIlhenney for his painting "Gray Morning," Edward A. Bell for "The Five Dreamers," and Henry Prellwitz for "The Prodigal Son." As no award had been made for three years, the prizes amounted to more than three times their original figures, which were \$300, \$200 and \$100. The Academy will make an effort to have the terms of the trust so modified that fifty exhibitors will not have to vote on the prizes every year, the impossibility of securing that number having prevented the awards being made in 1891 and 1892. Mr. McIlhenney, who won the first Hallgarten prize, won also the W. T. Evans prize for water-color work. His "Gray Morning" has been sold for \$800.

—At the opening of the twenty-fifth semi-annual exhibition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, on April 19, much interest was shown in two paintings by Turner—"Boulogne Harbor: Storm Coming On" and "The Grand Canal in Venice, from the Madonna della Salute," loaned by Cornelius Vanderbilt. The latter picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1835, and was bought from the estate of Lord Dudley about three years ago by Mr. Vanderbilt, who, it is said, paid \$100,000 for it. Another interesting picture is "Hadleigh Castle: Storm Clearing Off," by Constable, also loaned by Mr. Vanderbilt. These three masterpieces will adorn the walls of the gallery for at least six months.

### Explorations in Egypt

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

So constant and vivid to the world are the many-sided discoveries in Egypt in every branch of human knowledge and so well-known is the Egypt Exploration Fund, that it seems, archæologically at least, a bit of supererogation, to tell your readers that the Society is "very much alive" in digging, deciphering, and in phototyping and recording what it finds and sees to be valuable—and that money is needed. Not to run on, I simply ask your readers to freely write to me for circulars, and add that "Ahnas" (Vol. XI. in the series) is nearly ready, which goes to all our subscribers to the explorations of \$5 and upwards. WM. C. WINSLOW.

525 BEACON STREET, Boston, April 21, 1893.

### A New Italian Poet

MISS G. S. GODKIN, sister of the editor of *The Evening Post*, writes to *The Literary World* of London of the new Italian poet, Signorina Ada Negri:—

"A new poet has arisen in these days whom all Italy from end to end is reading and talking about. The second edition of her little volume, 'Fatalità,' has been issued within this month by Treves, in Milan, and the first supply of the Florence booksellers was sold off at once. And yet this poor girl, Ada Negri, has lived and is still living the miserable and laborious life of a teacher in the national schools, which barely supplies the necessities of life to her and her invalid mother, and affords her hardly any leisure for study or the cultivation of her talents. From her childhood misfortune was her companion, she says; she has never known what ease of mind or body meant, and yet she had an insatiable ambition to break loose from her sordid surroundings and soar to an atmosphere in harmony with her poetic thoughts.

"'Crebbe col buio e qui nel core  
Una feroce nostalgia di sole.'

"Her verses are naturally of a sad, almost pessimistic tone, but there is evidence of true genius in some of her productions; a fine spirit of independence breathes through them, and gives the hope that Ada Negri, now her merit has begun to be recognized, will surmount her difficulties and obstacles, outlive the crudities of youth, and give the world some fine work which will redound to her honor even more than the present collection of poems."

Another correspondent in Italy writes to the same journal of the good fortune that has just come to Signorina Negri, which we hope will not have the lamentable effect upon her that Mr. William Watson's good fortune had upon him:—

"Ada Negri, the author of 'Fatalità,' though only twenty years of age, has already suffered so much want, and has enjoyed so little of the world's sunshine for which she thirsted, that we rejoice at the announcement in the *Milan Illustrazione Popolare* that she has been assigned a prize, amounting to 1800 francs (72½) a year, by a committee of learned men appointed to consider her merits. As she is a good, modest girl, devoted to her invalid mother, and fulfils conscientiously her duties as schoolmistress, this pension will meet with universal approbation. The prize was



instituted in 1864 in favor of Giannina Mibli, a famous *improvisatrice*, with the contributions of the most distinguished ladies in Italy, and on her death, in 1886, it was left unused till now. It will give comparative ease to the young teacher, who is preparing a second volume of poetry for the press."

### The Best Ten American Books

ON THE 27th of May, we shall print a list of the ten books named by our readers as the greatest yet produced in America, or by Americans.

The number chosen is an arbitrary one, but the same objection could be made to any other. It has the merit of being conveniently small, yet not too small to admit of a considerable variety in the character of the works selected. Many a reader will send in a list of ten titles who might hesitate to make up a longer one—and we want as many lists as we can get.

*To the person from whom we shall receive, not later than May 13, the list most nearly identical with the one composed of the ten books receiving the greatest number of votes, we will send, prepaid, any book or books the winner may select, whose aggregate price, at publishers' figures, shall not exceed \$10.*

If several lists come equally close to the one published, the prize will be given to that which first reaches us.

The competitor's choice is not limited to any class of works; and, for convenience, the word "book" will be held to include any well-defined group of an author's writings. In the case of Lowell, for instance, the poems would count as one book, the literary essays and addresses as another, the political speeches and essays as a third.

Lists may be written on postal cards, but not with a pencil. If note-paper is used, write on one side of the sheet only, and put the words "Ten Best Books" on the envelope. Write plainly and clearly; and see that your list reaches us *not later than May 13*.

### Notes

HEREAFTER, at the beginning of each month, *The Critic* will publish a review of the new magazines, filling several pages. The editors are convinced that the amount, variety and quality of the literature published in the leading magazines demand this recognition on the part of a literary newspaper; and that their readers, few of whom are regular subscribers for more than one or two magazines, will find this new department not only highly interesting, but practically valuable in advising them what to buy at the news-stands.

—"Un Scrupule," M. Paul Bourget's new book, just issued by Amblard & Meyer Bros. of this city, is, we believe, the first work published in French in this country under the new copyright law. The firm named above has opened a branch of the well-known Paris house of A. Lemerre.

—The French publishers are going to have a fine exhibit at the World's Fair. This is returning good for evil, for the United States did not do itself justice at the Paris Exhibition. There will be some 2000 volumes displayed, at a cost to the publishers of 90,000 francs. Victor Hugo's works will occupy a prominent place in this exhibit. Hébert sends a collection of one hundred engravings to accompany the Hetzel-Quantin "Ne-Varietur" editions of the poet's works. The exhibit of the National Printing-Office will be found in the French Government building.

—Prof. H. H. Boyesen is delivering a well-attended course of ten lectures on literature to the New York Public School Teachers' Association. It will be finished on May 3. The lectures are given at the Normal College.

—The Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford will have an article in the May *North American Review* on his temperance plan of opening saloons under church patronage. Questions and criticisms by mail are requested, and in the June number of the *Review*, the writer will reply to those that seem to him most worthy of consideration.

—For William Watson's new volumes, his poem, "The Eloping Angels" and his prose work, "Excursions in Criticism," the London demand was so great that the first edition was entirely sold during the first week.

—Dr. Max Ohnefalsch-Richter, the well-known archaeologist, who for the past twelve years has been making explorations on the sites of the ancient towns, sanctuaries, etc., in the island of Cyprus, under the auspices of the British, Berlin and Cyprus Museums, and whose elaborate work on "Cyprus, the Bible and Homer" has just been published, is to lecture in this city on Monday, May 8, at Chickering Hall, on "My Explorations in Cyprus." Dr. Richter is the highest living authority on Cypriot antiquities. His monumental book on the subject is published, in this market, by B. Westerman & Co.

—A few days ago Miss Stella Dyer, the young American violinist, daughter of Mr. Gifford Dyer, the Chicago artist, played be-

fore Queen Victoria at the Villa Palmieri, Florence. The Queen expressed herself as "very much pleased," and later in the evening all three of the gentlemen in waiting—Gen. Sir Henry Ponsonby, Col. Clerk and Major Biggs—assured Miss Dyer that her effort had been a marked success. A few weeks earlier, Miss Dyer played several times before the Empress Frederick, while the latter was visiting Venice. Miss Dyer has been studying for the past ten years under the best masters on the Continent, and has been applauded in the drawing-rooms of leading families in most of the European capitals—a good record for a girl who is scarcely more than twenty.

—Christopher Sower Co., Philadelphia, announce a series of books by modern French authors, to be printed in French and edited for use as reading-books by students.

—The series of short stories which Mr. H. C. Bunner has been contributing to *Puck* under the title of "Made in France," and which are free adaptations from Maupassant, will be published by Keppler & Schwarzmann in a volume uniform with Mr. Bunner's "Short Sixes" and "The Runaway Browns."

—Miss Betham Edwards has just concluded the second volume of her "Survey of France." It will be published early in the autumn, at which time she will also have a new novel ready for the press.

—Mr. Charles W. Gould, receiver of the United States Book Co. and its branches, announces that on May 1 the offices of the six subsidiary companies—Lovell, Coryell & Co., Hovenden Co., and the National, International, Seaside, and Empire Co.'s—will be removed to the present office of the parent concern, at 5 and 7 East 16th Street. All shipping will be done from Williamsburgh.

—Prof. William A. Scott has written for Prof. Ely's Library of Economics and Politics a volume on "Repudiation of State Debts in the United States," and T. Y. Crowell & Co. will publish it early in May.

—Since Wednesday of last week, Mr. Edwin Booth has been dangerously ill at his apartments in the Players' Club building in Gramercy Park, a paralytic attack having prostrated him in the morning of that day; so the Ladies' Day reception of the Club, on Shakespeare's birthday, had to be indefinitely postponed.

—The Library of the late George H. Moore, LL.D., for many years Librarian of the New York Historical Society, and Superintendent of the Lenox Library, will be sold at auction on Monday, May 8, and following days by Bangs & Co. It includes many a scarce book in the department of Americana.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish to-day "The Life and Work of John Ruskin," by W. G. Collingwood; "Donald Marcy," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "A Cathedral Courtship, and Penelope's English Experiences," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Sally Dows, and Other Stories," by Bret Harte; and "From Chattanooga to Petersburg, under Generals Grant and Butler," by William Farrar Smith.

—At the annual dinner of the Manuscript Society—the well-known organization of American composers—at the Gilsey House on Thursday, April 20, Mr. Gerrit Smith, the Society's President, made a brief opening speech which contained a merited tribute to the progress of musical composition in America, and Mr. Parke Godwin talked of the origin and development of music. Mr. Richard W. Gilder, after complimenting the makers of the music of songs, said something in behalf of the writers of the words, and told of amusing experiences of American authors in having their verses changed and added to, and new titles given to their songs. The publishers of music, he said, were apt to ignore the authors altogether. With the advance of music in this country as an original art, there should be a better understanding between musical and literary artists. Mrs. Gerrit Smith, Signor Campanini and others sang, and piano solos were played by Mr. John F. Gilder.

—Says Robert Sherard in *The Author*:—"Before the *répasse* of 'Musette' at the Gymnase Theatre, de Maupassant's friends thought to make the communication of the news that his successful piece was to be put on the stage again a test of what intelligence and memory might remain in him. When the poor Master had heard the news, he merely shook his head and said, 'Ah, c'est bien mauvais.'"

—Robert Clarke & Co. have in preparation "The History of Illinois and Louisiana under the French Rule," by Joseph Wallace; and in press a limited edition of three companion volumes—"Donn Piatt, His Work and His Ways," by Charles Grant Miller; Col. Piatt's "Sunday Meditations," and his "Plays and Poems."

—It is proposed to raise \$50,000 by subscription for the purchase of the Townsend Library, which consists of a collection of national, State, and individual records of the late war. Each dollar subscribed will be entitled to one vote, and a majority of the

50,000 votes cast will decide to what college the library shall go. Subscriptions can be sent to White, Morris & Co., 100 Broadway, custodians of the fund.

—The Theatre of Arts and Letters began its second week of public performances at Palmer's Theatre on Monday night, presenting Frank R. Stockton and Eugene W. Presbrey's "Squirrel Inn," from Mr. Stockton's story of the same title. Brander Matthews's one-act play, "The Decision of the Court," is still a part of the bill.

—"Over the Lawn to the White House" is the name of a book written in rhyme by Mrs. M. B. Lincoln and illustrated by Emma Maynicke, these two ladies being also the publishers.

—For the first time for many years, John Ruskin attended a public gathering the other night, being present at the first concert of the Coniston Choral Society. He seemed in good health, and evidently enjoyed the music, frequently applauding the performers. He remained to the close.

—Any one who wishes to refresh his memory of the famous Admiral Jean Bart, for whom the big French cruiser now in this port is named, may find his story retold under the title "Monsieur, the Captain of the Caravel" in "Chivalric Days," in the series of Stories of Heroism by Elbridge S. Brooks.

—At the annual meeting of the New York Branch of the American Folk-Lore Society on April 21, the following officers were elected:—President, Dr. H. Carrington Bolton; First Vice-President, George Bird Grinnell; Second Vice-Presidents, Richard Watson Gilder, Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, Mrs. Mary J. Field, Mrs. Henry Draper; Secretary, William Burnett Tuthill; Treasurer, Sidney A. Smith.

—Nothing more significant of the fact that illustration in daily journalism has "come to stay" could well be imagined than the adoption of this popular feature by the Philadelphia *Ledger*. The accession of the New York *Times* to the ranks of the "picture-papers" was less significant, for Mr. Childs's paper is nothing if not conservative. Its conservatism is in essentials only, however, for it has changed its form some fourteen times since 1836, the year of its foundation. Just now it has gone back from "blanket" size to a sheet 22½ x 15 inches.

—A new play, says *The St. James's Budget*, "Prince Karatoff," is to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. In this Mrs. Kendal will play a Nihilist, and the central interest lies in a silver bomb which passes as a drawing-room ornament. The author is Mr. Harry Dam, a young American journalist, who some years ago came to England and was attached to the New York *Herald* (European edition). Mr. Dam has already made an essay in dramatic authorship—"Diamond Dene," which was unconventional and a *succès d'estime*. In this play Miss Dorothy Dorr made her English début. Quite recently appeared, under the announcements of marriages, the names "Dam—Dorr." Mr. Dam is not the first American journalist to graduate into play-writing, Mr. Bronson Howard and the late D. G. Lloyd being notable instances of such graduation.

—Some of the prices brought at Bangs & Co.'s auction-rooms last week were as follows:—First edition of Emerson's "Nature," \$7.25; an octavo pamphlet containing Franklin's anonymous "Reflections on Courtship and Marriage," \$16; first edition of Thoreau's "Excursions," \$5.12; and the first edition of Whittier's poems, Philadelphia, 1838, \$7.

—G. W. S. cables to last Sunday's *Tribune* as follows, concerning a new book by the leader of Her Majesty's Opposition in the House of Commons:—"Mr. Balfour's 'Essays and Addresses,' published this week, contains nothing that is new, the volume being made up of reprints. The papers will, nevertheless, be new to most readers, and Mr. Balfour's place in public life gives interest to the collection. It is not, however, his political eminence alone which attracts attention, but his reputation as a thinker, as a student in many different fields, as a man who has led intellectually, as well as politically and socially, a full life. He has opinions, and he has the courage of them. The sensation which his address as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's on the Pleasures of Reading produced, has not been forgotten. He ventured to discourse on the enjoyment, the mere enjoyment, independently of profit, to be derived from the reading of books. He shocked the pedants and the prigs, and he delighted men of the world who are also men of books, and perhaps delighted real scholars hardly less. This address now figures as the first essay of this volume of essays, and is followed by six others, on Berkeley; on Handel, which the musical people say is a masterpiece of musical and æsthetic criticism; on Cobden, which is a political treatise of rare merit; on Politics; on Political Economy; on Progress, and on the Religion of Humanity. The book is a picture, not complete, yet a good likeness, of the mind of its author."

## The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question, for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS

1698.—Please give the pronunciation of the names of two characters in Kingsley's "Yeast," Tregana and Argemone. HONESDALE, PA. C. T. S.

[Probably *Tri-gá-na* and *Ar-gem'-s-ná*—(g like j).]

1699.—Can you explain what use a Pilot can be put to at sea? Why did the author of "Crossing the Bar" represent that he could get on without a Pilot until he was well out on a boundless ocean, and then, for the first time, expect "to see his Pilot face to face"? The first lovely stanza describes him entering on the eternal voyage—putting "out to sea." And the second and third confirm the impression. But the fourth utterly bewilders me by representing him far away from the shore and the bar, hoping to see a Pilot whom he could not then need. G. R. S.

[Some one has said that this poem is "too sacred for comment." The above comment, if not profane, is at least prosaic. There is many a beautiful figure in poetry that will not bear logical analysis. This one, however, can be explained and justified, if a cold-blooded querist demands it. The mariner who sets forth on the literal ocean knows the course he must take, and needs no pilot until he is entering the port for which he is bound; but he who crosses the bar that separates this earthly life from the life beyond spreads his sails on an unknown sea. What chart or compass or sextant shall serve him there? What course shall he steer for his desired haven? Does he not need a Pilot from the start and all the way, as the flood bears him far from our bourne of Time and Space?—R.]

## Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

- Adeney, W. F. Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. Ed. by W. R. Nicoll. \$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.
- Aho, J. Squire Hellman, and Other Stories. 50c. Cassell Pub. Co.
- Balsac de. A Great Man of the Provinces in Paris. Tr. by K. P. Wormley. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.
- Bengough, M. A. In a Promised Land. 50c. Harper & Bros.
- Boyesen, H. H. Social Strugglers. \$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Brown, T. E. Old John, and Other Poems. \$1.75. Macmillan & Co.
- Carey, R. N. Little Miss Muffet. \$1.25. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
- Cavwin, H. A Village Priest. Tr. by A. D. Vandam. 35c. F. W. & Co.
- Chittenden, W. L. Ranch Verses. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Ferrier, S. E. Destiny. 2 vols. \$2.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.
- Finck, H. T. Wagner and his Works. 2 vols. \$4. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Fitch, A. M. The Loves of Paul Fenly. \$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Fullerton, W. M. Patriotism and Science. \$1. Boston: Roberts Bros.
- Gordon, A. J. The Holy Spirit in Missions. \$1.25. F. H. Revell Co.
- Hopkins, B. J. Astronomy for Every-Day Readers. 50c. T. Whitman.
- Hulme, F. E. Birth and Development of Ornament. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
- Isaac, A. S. Stories from the Bible. \$1.25. C. L. Webster & Co.
- Laurie, A. P. The Food of Plants. 35c. Macmillan & Co.
- Leon, N. P. de. The Columbus Gallery. N. P. de Leon.
- Leon, N. P. de. The Caravels of Columbus. 50c. N. P. de Leon.
- Lippincott's Gazetteer of the World. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
- Lytton, Earl of. King Poppy. \$3. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Mercur, A. H. Cosmos, and Other Poems. \$1.50. Buffalo: Peter Paul & Son.
- Morrill, W. R. The Story of Poland. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Morris, W. O. Napoleon. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Morse, J. T., Jr. Abraham Lincoln. 2 vols. \$2.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Nehrling, H. North American Birds. Parts VI., VII., and VIII. Milwaukee: Geo. Bruns.
- New York Free Circulating Library, Catalogue of. 49 Bond St.
- Owen, J. Skeptics of the Italian Renaissance. \$3.50. Macmillan & Co.
- Parr, Mrs. The Squire. 50c. Cassell Pub. Co.
- Prentiss, C. E. Fleeting Thoughts. \$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Ramsay, W. M. The Church in the Roman Empire before A.D. 150. \$2. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Rathborne, St. G. Major Matheron of Kentucky. St. Paul: Price-McGill Co.
- Saltus, E. Madam Sapphira. F. T. Neely.
- Scenes from Every Land. Ed. by T. L. Knox. Springfield: Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick.
- Schelling, F. E. Life and Writings of George Gascoigne. \$1. Glenside, Pa.
- Scott, W. The Heart of Midlothian. (Dryburgh Ed.) \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
- Stone, M. E. A Riddle of Luck. \$1.25. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
- Sturges, R., and Others. Homes in City and Country. \$2. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Swanwick, A. Poets the Interpreters of their Age. \$2.50. Macmillan & Co.
- Thomas, A. Utterly Mistaken. \$1. Cassell Pub. Co.
- Tollemache, L. A. Stones of Stumbling. \$1. Brentano's.
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